

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 18 No 24

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietary)

Archives Department

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 22, 1905.

TERMS:

Single Copy, 5c.
Per A. M. (12 issues) 1.00.

Whole No. 908

Things in General

THE Toronto *Star* seems to be inspired by some evil genius which prompts it to put forth the most unhappy and inexcusable arguments in defence of its friends, the priests, and in opposition to the convictions of the great majority of the people of this country—that great majority including the best legal minds of which Canada can at present boast. Ever since the Autonomy Bill came up for discussion, the *Star* has put its foot in it every time it opened its mouth. It is difficult to believe that this is accident. I am rather inclined to regard it as inspired design. Every defence of priestly aggression that could be dished up—no matter how ridiculous any part of that defence might be—has been carefully collected and placed before a "minority" which, the *Star* evidently believes, is ever ready to be persuaded that it is down-trodden and abused. Everything insulting to the minds of Protestants—whether they have taken any part in the discussion of the Autonomy Bill or not—has been hurled forth by the *Star* in its desperate efforts to convince the members of the Roman Catholic Church that Ontario is intolerant, bigoted and cruel. It is well known that this province is strongly Conservative in Dominion politics—yet because it fails to give Sir Wilfrid Laurier a substantial majority, the *Star* accuses it of being prejudiced against the Premier because of his race and religion. Ontario has a vicious system of Separate schools and is naturally desirous of preventing the new provinces of the North-West being tied up to such a system for ever—yet the acknowledgment of this desire is twisted by the *Star* into a confession of disgusting bigotry. The people and press of Ontario have always been advocates and champions of provincial rights—yet when they champion them in behalf of the new provinces they are accused of intolerance, prejudice, spite, partisan scheming, meddlesomeness, and the Lord only knows what not. When press and public refuse to be turned from their purpose by this torrent of unjust abuse, a threat is thrown out that, if the Autonomy Bill be not accepted without further protest, the fate of the Protestant minority in Quebec is likely to be something far from pleasant. These Quebec Protestants are referred to as "hostages," whose massacre is not, apparently, regarded as an impossibility. When the Bill was first introduced to the House, the *Star*'s policy was weak, rambling and uncertain. It merely pleaded for peace and coaxed the people to sleep, that the objectionable measure might go through without arousing their indignation. Then the influence at present in control began to assert itself, and the prayers were replaced by sneers, insinuations, insults and threats—all of which have become bolder and more mischievous with each day that has passed. On one or two occasions ships have been made in the editorial policy, slips which seemed to indicate a desire to repent. But on each of these occasions the controlling influence soon got in its work again and an apology was immediately made for the exhibition of fairness. When the Sbaratti incident first made its appearance, the Papal Delegate was denounced for his intolerable meddling. But in a day or so he was described as a jolly little man and the idea that he was a dangerous schemer was laughed at. To-day he occupies a place in the heart of the editor of the *Star* second only to that held by Sir William Mulock, the provincial rights cooperator.

For all this studied offensiveness and injustice there is evidently a sound business reason. Whoever wields the influence that controls the *Star* must be convinced of the desirability of setting the Protestants and Catholics at war with one another, a war out of which a monetary advantage is to be snatched. The policy of the paper has always been one that prevented it from expressing an opinion on any subject on which any section of its readers were likely to hold strong views. Nothing that might by any chance prevent the editor's receiving a pass to a picnic or a bun-feast was ever permitted to make its appearance in the pages of the *Star*. It follows, then, that the present campaign of offensiveness and injustice must be deemed profitable. All the other papers in Toronto are opposing the Laurier Government's attack on provincial rights. The *Star* sees in this an opportunity to become the champion of the church: the Hierarchy of which is forcing the Government to commit the aggression. In order to win the sympathy of the Roman Catholics it is necessary to make them believe that they are not getting something to which they are entitled, and to arouse their enthusiasm to the point where they can be persuaded to subscribe for the paper it is necessary to denounce the Protestants as bigots, robbers and what not—dangerous people who are crushing "the minority" into the mire. Of course some Protestants are not denounced as bigots, knaves or fools—those who read the *Star* are calm, intelligent and just—therefore they will continue to take the paper while they are glorified above all others of their faith. If anyone thinks the *Star* is inspired by any higher motive than that of selfish expediency, the deception has been successful. If Roman Catholics have been persuaded that they are unfairly treated and possess but one journalistic friend, they are deceived. If Protestants regard the *Star*'s stultifying itself and its abuse of them as the results of conviction, they are furnishing their vilifiers with an opportunity to laugh. Contemporary newspapers have no cause to set up a defence against the unjust attacks that have been made on them. Protestants and Catholics alike will eventually see through the scheme of their accuser. The campaign against the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill has been conducted on the lines of constitutional argument and advocacy of provincial rights. The inexcusable interference of the ruling body of the Roman Catholic Church with affairs of state has been vigorously and even passionately denounced—but so far as I have observed, no Toronto paper has attacked or even criticized the Roman Catholic religion or the lay body of that church. SATURDAY NIGHT is frankly opposed to Separate schools, as such. Other papers remain from expressing their opinion on the institutions—but in Toronto there is but one defender of the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill. The clauses have been attacked not because they provide for Separate schools, but because they provide for Separate schools forever, when there is no justification for Parliament interfering in behalf of the governing body of one church at all. They provide for bitter and dangerous strife in the future and establish a precedent for Federal interference with educational affairs and for the claim which one church may make for special treatment at the hands of the State. The attempt to convince the Roman Catholics that the campaign is against their church is merely false and mischievous. An aggressive clergy which is always striving to establish a permanent connection between Church and State must be prevented from accomplishing its purpose—but so far as this paper is concerned, there can be little doubt that, whatever church any clergy attempting to establish a connection between Church and State might represent, the proposal to establish such connection would meet with the same treatment as that which Mr. Sbaratti and his colleagues have received.

A DETROIT newspaper seems to have a connection with one of the departments of the local Government that Canadian papers find it impossible to establish—unless they deem it advisable to take someone connected with the Public Works Department into their employ. Several times within the last few weeks the Detroit *Free Press* has "scoped" the local papers on local news emanating from the Ontario Legislature. The matter was brought up in the House the other day, but Dr. Reaume was unable or unwilling to furnish any information on the subject. If Dr. Reaume will take a look through his department, I think he will have little difficulty in locating the cause of the leak. I am informed that he has in his office a sort of semi-detached member of a Detroit paper. This gentleman may not be respon-

sible for the leakage of news, but he may be on such terms of intimacy with the *Free Press* that he would be able to learn the name of that paper's Toronto correspondent. If the correspondent's name can not be learned in this way, and the leakage continues, the only course seemingly left open for the local papers is to place one of their reporters in the Public Works Department as an employee of the Government. There is abundant evidence to support the belief that such a plan would be attended by complete success.

MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE has refused to have anything to do with a movement to raise a fund to provide for the widows of Japanese soldiers killed in the present war with Russia. Replying to a request to contribute to this cause, Mrs. Carnegie, speaking for herself and Mr. Carnegie, says:

We are so strongly opposed to war, except for the holiest of causes, that we believe that men ought to be made to see the terrible consequences, and that they cannot plunge lightly into war, and that their widows and children will be cared for after they are gone.

The logic of this reason for refusing to part with her money is simply irresistible. Mrs. Carnegie believes that the dead men should be made to realize what a terrible thing they have done by obeying the orders of the Government of their country. The wives and children should also be punished for this crime of obedience committed by their husbands and fathers. The same reasoning would be economical if applied to the case of a drunkard's family. If, through the husband's own folly, he lost his life, wife and children should be permitted to starve, and so furnish a terrible example to others addicted to drink. Unquestionably, both Mrs. Carnegie and her husband have a legal right to dispose of their money in any way they desire, but when they put up such mighty claims to be regarded as saintly philanthropists, and then decline to contribute to a widows' and orphans' fund, giving as their reason for declining their disapproval of the means through which the husbands and fathers met their deaths, it becomes

election times. Many of the firemen of Toronto may be entitled to higher pay, or not; but that they should be permitted to hold a threatening club over the head of a controller or alderman seems to be at least unbecoming on the part of a civic employee. That a municipal organization with peculiar facilities for successful intimidation should be permitted to go such lengths in lobbying is dangerous for the welfare of the city, and particularly dangerous for the welfare of the Fire Brigade. The fireman has the rights and privileges of any other citizen, but ought not to be permitted to avail himself of the accidental advantages of a municipal organization for selfish aggrandizement or intimidation, and the Brigade should be informed of the fact.

In continuing to cut out the stops the Toronto Railway Company is boldly carrying out its old policy of ignoring the civic authorities and the convenience of the public. Manager Fleming professes to believe that he has the welfare of the citizens at heart—he claims to desire that no one should be delayed in getting to or from places of business by reason of the cars stopping frequently—but, of course, the real reason for the cutting out is that it is a good deal cheaper for the company to run its cars straight through than to stop at every street. Even if the convenience of the citizens were the motive actuating the company, its conduct would still be indefensible. Under its agreement with the city, the civic authorities are given the right to compel the company to stop its cars where at one time they did stop, but this agreement has been so persistently ignored that Mr. Fleming now treats it as a joke and laughs when questioned as to the company's obligations. The city can never have its rights respected so long as its affairs remain in the hands of men unable to enforce respect for either their offices or themselves.

THE *News* professes to see no reason for a charge of inconsistency being made against Mr. Edmund Bristol because of his conduct in contributing to the fund raised by Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary

provincial government to some extent academically. Men listen to Goldwin Smith and most of us hope that many of the ideals of government and social reform advocated by him may be achieved—when we are feeling better. But to have an aggressive, life-long partisan, after one of the most aggressive partisan campaigns in provincial history, but in with a public appeal for non-partisan government a few months after he has begun to stretch his legs comfortably in the softest chair in the Cabinet, where complacency comes very nearly being insolence. Mr. Whitney as an apparently honest man, with a gift for reckless denunciation, may make a very presentable head of a Conservative Government for a time, but complacently egotistical as he may be, he surely cannot expect the people of Ontario to be as destitute of humor as he evidently is. Because he struggled hard for weary years for the Premiership of Ontario, Mr. Whitney apparently wishes to be nailed down to the Premiership—and then let us all be good. Mr. Whitney is assuredly not guilty of any sense of humor.

M R. HAULTAIN, in an interview with the Ottawa correspondent of the *News*, has expressed his belief that the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill, as amended, are quite as objectionable as they were when the Bill was first introduced. While in theory the new clauses provide for limiting the privileges of the Separate schools, in practice the Separate school authorities can do pretty much as they like. This is the belief that has been expressed by SATURDAY NIGHT ever since the amendments were made. In Ontario the Government is supposed to have control of the Separate schools and to regulate them according to the needs of the people, but everyone knows how utterly the Government fails in its duties. The priests run the schools as they like and the Government is seemingly powerless to exercise any practical authority. This is the danger of tying any province up to such a system. Ontario cannot abolish Separate schools without obtaining an amendment to the British North America Act, and realizing this, the Government makes little effort to regulate them to a point where their most objectionable features would disappear. All our Governments seem to look on the schools as objectionable things that are here to stay, so they merely throw up their hands and let them run themselves. If the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill ever go into effect, there is little doubt that the experience of Ontario will be repeated in the new provinces of the Northwest.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know who owns a doctor's prescription, once it has been filled by a druggist. It seems rather strange, but there are a great many people possessing odd ideas in regard to this subject. My correspondent states that he obtained a prescription from his doctor, had it filled at a drug store, and subsequently asked that it be returned to him, as he desired to leave the city and might find it necessary to have it re-filled elsewhere. To his surprise, the druggist refused to return it to him, and also refused to furnish him with a copy of it. A prescription is like anything else a man buys. It belongs to the purchaser, neither the druggist nor the doctor having any claim on it. The druggist referred to evidently didn't know his business or was determined to take no chances of losing a customer. Druggists usually keep prescriptions merely that they may retain the custom of the persons owning them, but if the owners demand their return, the druggist can be compelled by law to give them up. It may also be added that a person retaining the property of another, after its return has been demanded, leaves himself open to a rather embarrassing charge.

M R. GEORGE D. GRANT, representing North Ontario in the Dominion House, in the course of his speech on the Autonomy Bill, the other day, referred to "the blatant mob of Toronto" as the only opposition to the Bill to be found in this province. Mr. Grant is to be more highly commended for his superb nerve than for his accuracy. A gentleman from North Ontario indignantly repudiates the claim that the metropolis at all represents the tolerance, calm thoughtfulness or sound judgment of the province of which it is the capital. Mr. Grant must be a gentleman of keen observation, as well as of abnormal nerve, to be able to size up and label this city after visiting it during several circus seasons here. All Torontonians must keenly regret their misfortune in failing to win the approval of the cultured representative of so cosmopolitan a riding as North Ontario. In time, however, we may out-grow our narrow provincialism and overtake this progressive rural district. At present we can only blush for ourselves, and, gazing on Mr. Grant, wonder and admire.

In the House of Commons at Ottawa the other day the elevator, in which were caged a bunch of members, fell about two stories and gave the passengers severe shaking up. This should be taken as a warning by other members of the House. There are a good many men at Ottawa who need to follow the example of the elevator crowd and take a tumble. That drop of two stories is a mere nothing compared to the drop that will take place at the next election.

MAYOR URQUHART continues to congratulate himself on the success which is attending his efforts to prevent the erection of apartment houses in the city. The other day, when the Board of Control by a trick prevented the possibility of erecting these useful buildings in one of the newer residential districts, the Mayor chuckled, patted himself on the chest, and announced that there was another apartment-house scheme knocked out. It is greatly to be regretted that a man who, apparently, looks on life through the soap-suds of a kitchen window should have it in his power to prevent the citizens from living in the sort of house they desire to occupy, a sort of house popular in every modern city in which it exists.

A YEAR ago on the nineteenth of this month Toronto was visited by the greatest fire in the history of the city. The next day and for weeks thereafter the local papers were filled with denunciations of the equipment of the fire department, and the inadequate pressure in the water mains. A year has now elapsed, and practically nothing is done to guard against another ten-million-dollar conflagration. There is no reason to believe that, if the same sort of fire were to break out under similar conditions any day this week, the result would be less costly than it was a year ago. A policy of procrastination, wriggling and dodging is, and for long has been, the policy of Toronto's civic officials. Some day we shall have another great fire, and the same criticism, agitation and promises of reform will be indulged in—but nothing will result.

MILITARY service is becoming unpopular in English-speaking countries in times of peace, and is becoming a distinct and perplexing problem to the Governments of the British Empire and the United States. Recruiting was never so unsatisfactory in the British Isles, and even the comparatively small military establishment of the United States is kept up with great difficulty. The native-born of the United States forms a very small percentage of its regular army, and the bulk of the enlisted men are either Irishmen or Germans. The opportunities of emigration explain to some extent the difficulties of recruiting in Great Britain, for, after all, the majority of recruits for the army are obtained from the idle or unemployed classes. Comparatively few young men take the King's shilling who have to throw up steady employment in order to do so. The pay is being increased



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everyone's privilege to criticize. Contributing to a widows' and orphans' fund—where one's money is mixed up with and buried in the money of everyone else—is not nearly so picturesque as building libraries that bear their founder's name. Carnegie's greatest ambition is to make sure that his name will be permanently embalmed—and he regards stone, brick and mortar as better embalming material than food and clothing for the poor.

THE line where a servant of a municipal corporation should stop in his efforts for material advancement in relation to the municipality is perhaps indefinite. That a fireman, or a body of firemen, has the right to ask or seek for an advance in pay by methods recognized in the business world is unquestioned. That he has the right to present his claims for increased pay and the additional right to resign if the increase is refused, is also admitted. The question as if it has come up this week, however, in the form of a motion for different increases of salary on the pay-roll of the Toronto Fire Brigade, assumes a different aspect when the member in which the motion has been engineered is considered. Separately, the members of the Toronto Fire Brigade have much in their favor in a request for various increases, and it is to be supposed that there would be no disposition on the part of any controller or alderman to deprive them of reasonable remuneration for their trying work. But that is not the question as far as it has gone before the governing powers of the city. Controller Spence has spoken out in meeting to the effect that not only objectionable lobbying and extraneous influences have been brought to bear upon aldermen in favor of the suggested increases, but that covert threats have been made as to himself as a prospective candidate for municipal honors if he failed to support the motion in favor of increased pay. European travelers are frequently referred to the fact that on the American continent it is the servants that rule. In Canada we are under the impression that the people as a whole practically rule, and not any particular class or classes. In many United States cities there are confessedly police pulls, and other influences more evil in their results, probably, than the privileges and authority of a traditional caste. It has been asserted that in municipal election contests in Toronto, the favor or disfavor of the Fire Brigade or the Police Force frequently spells victory or defeat to a candidate. The fact that the members of the Fire Brigade are generally members of families of considerable local influence or are associated fraternally with influential societies, live closely in touch with the official life of the city, and have considerable leisure, explains to some extent the reason of the assertion that the fire-halls and police-stations are the centers of much power at

party, and his posing as a Canadian patriot defending the new provinces of the North-West against the aggressions of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. If Mr. Bristol advocates home rule for Ireland, the *News* cannot see why he should not be permitted to champion the cause of home rule for the new provinces. If the party led by Mr. Redmond were simply a home rule party, Mr. Bristol could not justly be accused of inconsistency. But the Irish Parliamentary party is not simply a home rule party. It is a party which is fighting desperately for the independence of Ireland—and a party that does not hesitate to employ even the most desperate means to accomplish its purpose. It is a party which is fighting desperately for the independence of Ireland—and a party that does not hesitate to employ even the most desperate means to accomplish its purpose, so soon as more rational methods fail. Mr. Redmond has boasted in the British House of Commons and elsewhere that, if he thought armed rebellion would prove successful, he would spare no effort to bring about a revolt. In brief, Mr. Redmond is an avowed rebel who hesitates to commit an open act of treason merely because he fears the consequences. Before Mr. Bristol occupied a seat on his platform, Mr. Redmond had publicly boasted of the achievements of his party in defeating many bills favorable to the colonies which had been introduced in the British House. His plan is to prevent any Imperial Government's passing legislation favorable to the colonies, in the hope that in time the colonies will become so seriously offended with the Motherland that they will declare for independence. Then, when Great Britain finds her hands full of trouble, Ireland will make her strike for independence—the strike for which Irish plotters and agitators have been planning for more than a century. This is the plan as announced by Mr. Redmond himself. If this is the line on which home rule for the new provinces is desired, then Mr. Bristol is not inconsistent. If this is a scheme that meets with the approval of the electors of Center Toronto, Mr. Bristol must be accounted a worthy representative.

THE late leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition in the Province of Ontario has become an idealist. He vies with Dr. Goldwin Smith in his disapproval of party rule in Provincial politics. He longs for the time when none are for a party and all are for the State. It is said that even the most rabid of British radicals become decorously conservative when raised to the peerage, and take their seats in the House of Lords. A quasi-paternal form of government has its allurements, but the elevation of a whilom violent partisan suddenly to the position of patriarch, even the complacent egotism of Mr. Whitney will have to admit, would be a marvelous incident in the evolution of popular government. Dr. Goldwin Smith treats the question of non-partisan

in Great Britain and various privileges extended to soldiers, but these have been insufficient to attract the proper kind of young men into the ranks in sufficient numbers for the required establishment. Similar difficulty is being found by the United States in manning its growing navy. The glamor of an existing war with immediate prospects of participation has always been sufficient to fill up the ranks in the past, but the dangers of a hastily-organized army of recruits in the face of a disciplined enemy are evident. Canada, with merely the veriest skeleton of a standing army, a few thousand men of all branches of the service, also finds it exceedingly difficult to fill the ranks of the scattered companies, troops and batteries that make up that little force. The recruiting sergeants who are skirmishing through Ontario for recruits report that they are almost impossible to obtain. Britons and Canadians are just as willing, probably, to fight for their country's cause as ever, but they will shoulder a rifle for the cause, not for the purpose of making musket-shoudering a means of livelihood. The volunteer service is as popular as ever, but years of dull, prosaic routine and irksome discipline at a pittance per day, with one chance in a hundred of seeing active service in mud-colored khaki, with the band left at home and the enemy you are fighting secreted in a trench in the next county, have little attractions to the ordinary active-minded young man. Long-range guns and the nondescript color of the khaki uniform have dissipated the halo that surrounded the professional soldier. And the professional soldier requires at least the promise of a halo.

A DISTINCT feature of revolutionary or nihilistic movements in Russia is the prominence of women conspirators. The cables this week announce that several women allied to the official ruling class have been arrested for being concerned in some of the most daring plots for assassination. Whether it is that the cause of liberty appeals more strongly to impressionable, imaginative woman, and that, womanlike, they are capable of a greater degree of self-sacrifice than men, or that the female mind lends itself more readily to plots, counter-plots and intrigues than that of a man, it is a remarkable fact that a large proportion of the political exiles in Siberia are of the female sex. It is not surprising that women of the peasant class, with dire persecution following their kin, their husbands and sweethearts, should heroically dare everything in opposition to a political system that cruelly affects those whom they hold most dear, but it comes somewhat as a surprise, frequent as the announcements are, that members of the families of officials and nobles are often the most energetic in forwarding the oftentimes bloody propaganda of the revolutionists. There must be something inherently rotten in the state of Russia, where nobly-born, gently-nurtured women, whose every association has been with the ruling classes, throw the teachings of caste aside and in womanly sympathy towards the common people, from whom they have been dissociated by tradition and training since the Romanoffs began to reign, risk their lives or, what is almost worse, banishment to the Siberian mines, by active co-operation in schemes leading to assassination and rebellion.

BENJAMIN PIPE, an Assiniboia farmer, is announced in the daily press as being on his way to England to induce fifty healthy, experienced, good-looking girls to accompany him back to the prairies. The girls will begin as servants at about fifteen dollars a month, but it will be understood that the fault will lie in them if they do not soon thereafter become mistresses of fifty households. Wives, not servants, are what, in Mr. Pipe's opinion, the West needs, wives to make homes and bind the young men to the soil. It will be made clear to the girls that the West offers every opportunity for the matrimonially inclined. Mr. Pipe will probably realize that his task is something more than a dream, which many a lonely bachelor on the Western plains of Canada has dreamt, of fifty beautiful maidens being scattered in the immediate vicinity of his homestead. In the early days of the settlement of Quebec, or New France, large consignments of young girls were sent out from France under the auspices of the Government and the Church, and the scheme worked satisfactorily. But it is to be remembered that this success required the official authority of a paternal government and Mother Church. How Mr. Pipe will get along chaperoning fifty bouncing English girls is to be watched with interest by a country eagerly desirous of female immigration. It is to be supposed that Mr. Pipe is a bachelor, his mission as well as his name suggests that fact, and it is hardly to be supposed that a married man or a widower would be so venturesome. But Mr. Pipe's mission would be largely his own concern, or,

that of the fortunate district in Assiniboia where the English girls are to be distributed, if it were not that the housekeepers of the effete East are again outplayed by the innovating energy of the enterprising West. In many Ontario households the gentle fall of the housemaid's footstep cannot be heard, and the voice of the mangle is silent throughout the back-kitchens. They tell us that female domestics are almost impossible to get for love or money. Here is where the progressive enterprise of the West, according to the dream of Mr. Pipe, asserts itself. The West will give both love and money. The West occupies one-half the time of Parliament, has caused two rebellions, been largely developed by Eastern capital, and now enters into competition with us in our yearning for plethoric, comforting cooks and nimble-fingered housemaids by offering to marry them with a guarantee of good wages while the latter event is pending. And it was for this that the people of the East staked their credit in the millions for the opening up of the West.



A pretty wedding took place in Trinity Church, Bloor street west, on Wednesday, when Miss Alma Augusta Pearl Parsons, daughter of Major and Mrs. William Parsons, was married to Mr. René Raoul Barber, son of Mr. John R. Barber, ex-M.P.P., of Georgetown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hincks, the church being decorated for the occasion with pyramids of palms and white tulips. The groom was supported by Mr. Reginald Geary. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of ivory Duchess satin draped with deep Limerick lace, the lace being caught with horsehair of shirred satin, and long, graceful train and bridal veil of Brussels net, and coronet of orange blossoms. The maid-of-honor, Miss Edith Kent, wore a gown of pink flowered net over white taffeta, the skirt having two flounces, each being heavily trimmed with lace insertion. The bodice was simple, with a handsome lace collar effect, falling well down over the shoulder, and was completed by a pale pink girdle. Her hat was of white lace edged with three rows of pale pink baby ribbon, with long tulle, and two white plumes. The bridesmaids were Miss Daisy Barber of Georgetown and Miss Edith Phillips of Belleville. Their gowns were made exactly like the maid-of-honor's, but of all white net, and hats edged with white baby ribbon. The ushers were Mr. J. L. Rowlett Parsons, brother of the bride, Dr. Pat Hardy, Mr. Frank McFarlane, and Mr. Hooper of Georgetown. While the wedding party were in the vestry Miss Findlay sang *O Perfect Love*. Miss Edith Millar presided at the organ and played Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* as the happy couple left the church. A reception was held afterward at 12 Lowther avenue, which was beautifully decorated with palms, Easter lilies and lily of the valley. The bridal couple received a great many friends in the drawing-room. The bride's mother wore a beautiful gown of black embroidered chiffon and net and a rich lace scarf, and black chenille and white lace hat with plume. Mrs. Burton Harris of Montreal, sister of the bride, was in a bisque colored silk frock with lace trimmings, and a jaunty tulip hat. Mrs. John R. Barber wore a handsome white gown with long white feather sto'e, and white lace hat trimmed with red geraniums. Miss Anna Clark of Orangeville wore champagne *crêpe de Paris* and pretty green hat. Mrs. Wellington Parsons, the bride of last fall, wore her wedding dress, with pink ruff and white net hat with pale pink plume. Mrs. J. H. Housser wore a dress of green silk, heavily trimmed with gold and white embroidery, and hat of green foliage. Miss Hazel Barber of Georgetown wore a pretty gown of soft green muslin, and becoming hat of white tulle and pink roses. Among the visiting guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Elmore Harris, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent and Miss Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barber of Georgetown, Mrs. Geary, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harris of Montreal, Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Biggs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crawford, Mr. Johnson Lindsay of Orangeville, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wetherell, Hon. Charles D. and Mrs. Haines Hamilton, Mr. Allan Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Taylor, the Misses Skinner, Major and Mrs. Sloane.

Mr. Tom Delamere was visiting his parents in Cecil street this week.

The season of the Woman's Musical Club was closed on Saturday with a *matinée musicale* and tea in the Conservatory of Music. The musical part of the little festival was, as usual, most interesting and artistic, and the eye was pleased as well as the ear, for the decorations of white, yellow and green lilies, daffodils and palms made the little stage beautiful and spring-like. A long array of artists contributed, Mr. Field augmenting the feast of harmony by some exquisite playing. There was no formal reception, but Mrs. Langton was the presiding spirit of hospitality. I see by a report published that Mrs. L. A. Hamilton received, but might say to those who inquire where she is stopping in town, that this charming woman is still abroad, and will not be back for some little time. A few of those at the *musical* were: Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Jack Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Mr. Pitt, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Leonard Boyd, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Graset, Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Ham, Mr. Langton, Miss Keating, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Miss Hagarty, Miss Gauthier.

Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson of Montreal sailed for Canada this week, after spending the winter abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick are in Baltimore, where they are enjoying a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Kennard, who formerly lived in Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Winifred McNichol, only daughter of the late Mr. Benson McNichol of Brantford, and Mr. Grant MacIntyre of the Metropolitan Bank, Toronto, son of Mr. Malcolm C. MacIntyre of Stratford, took place on Saturday afternoon, at 31 Dunbar road, the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. D. J. McKinnon, Rev. J. J. Elliot of Midland officiated. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Hartman McNichol, Miss May McPaul of Toronto Junction, cousin of the bride, was maid-of-honor. Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre went east for their bridal trip, and on their return will reside in Toronto.

The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly gave a large dinner in his Chambers on Tuesday evening. Mr. St. John is an admirable and cordial host. Beside a number of M.P.P.'s, the following gentlemen were invited: Hon. Mr. Justice Maclaren, Hon. Mr. Justice MacMahon, Hon. Mr. Justice Teetzel, Hon. Mr. Justice Anglin, Hon. Mr. Justice Idington, Hon. Mr. Justice Magee, Hon. A. R. Pyne, Hon. H. L. Bantwell of Boston, Professor Goldwin Smith, Rev. Dr. Wyld, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. J. A. Rankin, Lieutenant-Colonel J. I. Davidson, Mr. W. H. Beatty, Mr. H. C. Hammond, Dr. Charlton, Mr. W. A. Moore, Mr. E. B. Ryckman, Dr. Gilmore, Mr. W. N. Anderson, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. Thomas Mulvey, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Mr. Avera Pardoe, Mr. Glackmeyer, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Delamere.

Mr. G. W. Ross and the Misses Ross returned from the South this week, and Mr. Ross is much benefited by the rest and mild climate of Jamaica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Douglas have gone to Atlantic City. Miss Denzil has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Wisner has

taken up house at 130 Walmer road, where her daughter, Mrs. Tom Baker of London, is her guest. Mr. and Mrs. James Bain have gone to Atlantic City. Mrs. Oswald Spiers has returned home to Galt. Mrs. Falconbridge, Miss Falconbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cassels are going to Inglewood, N.J., next Monday, to be present at the marriage of Mr. Jack Falconbridge and Miss Elizabeth Porter Hamilton on Thursday, an event which will evoke numberless good wishes from the Toronto friends of the groom, who is one of the best and most esteemed of the bachelors of Toronto. The young couple will reside here.

The death of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Hooper Mead, which took place on Tuesday in the General Hospital, has removed one of the best-known of the older military set, and a man whose friends were legion. The interment took place in the home of Mr. E. Strachan Cox in Wellesley place on Thursday.

In an account of the reception given by Mrs. St. John last week, which account was abruptly terminated by my illness, the name of Mrs. Deeks was inadvertently mentioned as being an assistant in the tea-room, whereas it should have been Miss Gilmore who assisted. A second glance at the list would have, of course, led to the correction of this mistake, and the addition of the other names of the assistants, but such supervision I was unfortunately unable to exercise.

Mrs. Henderson and Miss Lola Henderson of 74 St. George street left on Saturday for Kingston, where they were to be of the party celebrating the silver wedding of Colonel and Mrs. Drury. The Hendersons will not return to Toronto until the autumn, and will spend the summer in Eastern Canada.

The marriage of Miss Emma E. Perry of Kingston and Mr. Arthur J. Harris of Toronto takes place in Kingston next Wednesday, April 26.

The Misses Jessie and Ada McLeod sail for England today. They have, since leaving Toronto last week, been with Mrs. Willgress of Brantford on a visit, their entertainment there of last week was a great success. The Misses McLeod are connected with a number of Canadian families, the Rathbuns, Mrs. Masten, and Mrs. George Boomer being cousins or otherwise connected by marriage with the late General McLeod.

Mr. Douglas Young spent the week-end with his people at Wolseley Barracks, London. Colonel Young was in town last week en route from Ottawa.

The Strollers' Club-room was nicely filled on Saturday with a pleasant party who listened to a very fair programme arranged by Mrs. Petersen. There were several guests of members, among them Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, who were with Major Macdonald, and, with Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Greville Harston, made a little "military party" in a cosy corner near the door. Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. Owen A. Smiley came for a "look-in" and, as it was Mr. Jarvis' first visit, he was pressed to add to the programme, but had not time for more than a promise to do so the next time he visits town, maybe this afternoon. Mr. Gerald Hayward, who is on a visit at Mrs. Strathy's in Walmer road, was a new member very welcome, and a few others there on Saturday were: Mrs. and Miss Hoskin of Deer Park, Miss Norah Sullivan, Miss Maude Hirschfelder, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Miss Scott, Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. George Boomer, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Olive Fair, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Lampert, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Florence Sprague, Miss George, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. and the Misses Rolph and a number of the sterner sex, *habitues* of the club. The last Saturday matinée takes place next week, when something extra good will probably be on the programme. The club's season has been very successful, and many famous artists and clever people generally have enjoyed its hospitality.

Six Sermonettes for Lententide.
VI. TO THE AVERAGE CONGREGATION.

WHEN it becomes my duty to address you face to face, there is a curious impression given me, somewhat as if one stood before a perfectly blank wall and essayed declamation. I suppose it must be that you unconsciously raise a sort of psychic barrier between yourselves and me, but my first mental process is to steel myself against the unreciprocity of, and almost hostile emanation from, the people in the pews. Under these conditions it is manifestly impossible for a sensitive person to bring himself into an aggressive and dominant attitude of mind. I cannot launch out at you as I should; but with your cold, indifferent eyes, bored faces and inert forms unable to hamper and distress my thoughts, I feel free to say something you need to hear. How dare you affect the pose of worship; how dare you pretend it is worship at all, this mechanical sitting, kneeling, standing, this wheezing of hymns and chants and mumbling of prayers? How dare you presume to offer unto God "a humble and contrite heart" when in all your ambitions, grasping, mean and pitiful lives you never came within miles of humility or contrition? If one goes to you with the woes of humanity, its crying need and its forlorn condition, how many of you will spring up aglow with love and compassion and freely give the hoarded sum for brother-love which is laid away for some pleasure, indulgence or pampering of yourselves and your families? I dare not even ask for it, in the name of God's poor! As the pitiful coin, the smallest coin of the mint, is magnificently dropped into the alms-basin, I sometimes feel such a rising of the gorse as tempts me to fling back at you the paltry dole, and lay bare the black miserliness of your natures. Not that the silver next-to-nothing offends, but the sense of proportion is irredeemably outraged, and there lacks so utterly the glad, bounteous spirit of giving which should rejoice in liberality and enjoy more the dollar given than the dollar withheld. In prayers and in alms you are so far below the ideal that one sickens to study you. Here and there a pale shaft of light gleams, in the faded eyes of some saintly woman, the white gaze of some clear-eyed girl and much more seldom, in the steadfast, noble look of the matured man who has taken the fortresses of self one by one. Were it not for these rifts in the leaden cloud between you and me, I should never have courage to speak one word. You may be virtuous, amiable, honest and kind. It is not enough—not enough for the worship in which you agree to participate. Men, women, you must arise above the cloud, into an atmosphere so clear and illuminating that you will see your paltry subterfuges, your worm-like burrowings, your falsehoods, and your thousand hampering burdens so plainly and so accusingly, that you will feel it must be freedom from them or death under them. My heart forgets your smugness, your deceit, your meanness in the thought of what freedom would make of you. And you, will you sing your Easter carols from the bottomless pit of selfishness, or will you follow the Easter story, glad-eyed, inspired and triumphant?

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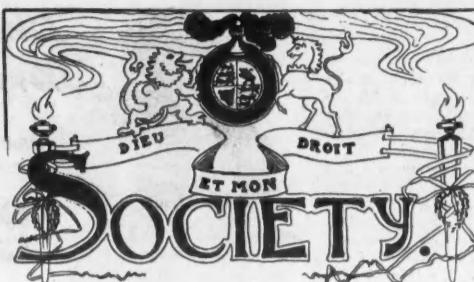
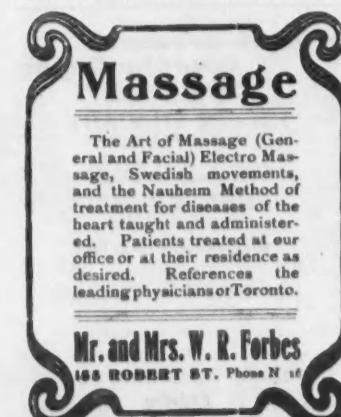
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The marriage of Miss Frances Charlotte Lister, only unmarried daughter of Mrs. James Frederick Lister, and Dr. John Herbert McConnell, was celebrated in the Church of the Redeemer on Wednesday at half-past two o'clock, Rev. Septimus Jones officiating. Miss Lister was brought in and given away by her younger brother, Mr. E. B. Lister, and attended by her most intimate friend, Miss Grace Tudhope, and two little flower-girls. The invited guests were only relatives and intimate friends, numbering about seventy-five, and after the ceremony Mrs. Lister gave a reception at her home, 92 Spadina road, in honor of the bride and groom. The house was prettily decorated and a very dainty *déjeuner* was served. The bridal party received in the drawing-room with Mrs. Lister, and congratulations were many and hearty. Dr. and Mrs. McConnell will reside in the family home, 625 Dundas street. The family group at the wedding included Mrs. Harrison of Sault Ste. Marie, Mrs. Waddell of Hamilton, and Mrs. Fred Lister of Quebec, a new member of the circle who has won all their affection. Captain Lister was unable to accompany her, much to the regret of his relatives and Toronto friends. The many lovely gifts bestowed upon the bride were arranged in an upper room, and included the modern lavish supply of cut-glass, silver, china and *objets d'art* of all sorts. Miss Lister having always been a most popular girl, and her happy betrothal and marriage being the climax of a genuine love-match. The bride looked lovely in a soft robe of Limerick lace over chiffon, the *jupe* flounced and inserted with the filmy lace. She wore a large tulie veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses with a shower of lily of the valley and ferns. Miss Tudhope was maid of honor and wore pale blue with applique of silk embroideries and white tulie hat and carried pink roses. Two chubby little flower-maidsen, Miss Harrison of Sault Ste. Marie, and a little niece of the bridegroom, Miss Madeline Eaton, in white Greenway bonnets and white frocks, came sedately just before the bride. The bride's procession was led by four ushers, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Eby, Mr. Dak, and Dr. MacLennan. The best man was Mr. Harry Goodrham. Some of the guests were in lovely gowns. Mrs. Lister, mother of the bride, wore a rich costume of black, grey and white, with deep elbow frills of lace and pretty heliotrope bonnet. Mrs. Harrison, sister of the bride, wore a black sequined lace gown and pale blue hat. Mrs. W. R. Riddell was very smartly gowned in heliotrope with small heliotrope hat with plume and pink roses. Mrs. Macdowell Thomson wore a lovely pale blue and pink dress. Mrs. Waddell of Hamilton, sister of the bride, was in pink and looked very nice. Mrs. Fred Lister, slight and girlish, was also very becomingly gowned in cream, and wore a black hat. Mrs. and Miss McConnell wore beautiful gowns, and are, like the bridegroom, very *brune* and handsome. Other guests were Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Miss Gilmore, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, the Misses McArthur, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Eaton, Rev. Lawrence and Mrs. Skey, Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester, Miss Elsie Riddell, Mrs. and Miss Rutter, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Dr. McGillivray, Mrs. Archibald Campbell and Miss Campbell of the Junction, Mr. and Mrs. Tudhope.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reeves and Miss Naomi Wilson are in town for the Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers of Hamilton are down for Easter week visiting Mrs. Rogers' mother, Mrs. Warwick of Sunnichholm. I understand that business interests will bring Mr. Rogers and his pretty wife and family to Toronto next fall for a permanent residence.

Mrs. McCullough of Winnipeg arrived on Tuesday on a visit to Mrs. Gilmour of Lowther avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilmour have taken Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright's flat at the St. George until October, and will be in town early in May. The Ramsay Wrights will be traveling abroad during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler have left their house in Spadina road and taken an *appartement* at the St. George until their new house is built, the latter being still *château en Espagne*, or, more properly, "in specifications."

A very interesting excursion for the coming summer is being arranged to the coast of Labrador, by several scientists, to view the eclipse of the sun. The party starts from St. John's, Newfoundland, and will be at one of Dr. Grenfell's stations on the Labrador on their trip, as well as visiting other ports of call. Scientific men from the States and Canada, as well as further off, will foregather congenially there.

Miss Rosamund Fuller of Rosedale returned from Ottawa last week. Mrs. Chapman, her aunt, of Coleraine Lodge, Bleecker street, has also been spending some time at the Capital, and enjoying much of the far-famed Ottawa hospitality. The Misses Ryerson are also home from Ottawa.

Initations are out for the afternoon reception to be held by His Excellency and Lady Grey at Government House next Friday. Both the functions, which were without authority announced as cancelled, will therefore take place at the gubernatorial residence. Mrs. Mortimer Clark is now able to sit up and will soon, it is hoped, be quite herself again.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Club for the election of officers was held on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. George Howell, the retiring president, who so ably referred at Monday's luncheon to his pleasure in having presided over the club's meetings for the past year, gave up his honorable office and joined the group of past-presidents, Messrs. John A. Cooper, Sanford Evans, George Wilkie, W. Rundle, Casey Wood, Percival Parker, and D. Bruce Macdonald. At time of writing, owing to this paper going to press a day earlier than usual this week, I cannot name the new president, but everyone had a pretty strong forecast of his identity. During the past season, since the September reunion of this excellent club, the following remarkable array of guests of honor has been entertained by the club, and made speeches after luncheon: In September the Archbishop of Canterbury was the lion of the month; in October Right Hon. James Bryce and Right Hon. John Morley were entertained; in November Dr. Drummond was the guest of honor, and in December Dr. William Osler really made the *bon mot* about the forty years' limit, and the Canadian Club, being up to snuff, shouted with laughter at the joke instead of butting into it solemnly, like the Solons of the South. It was on December 29 that this *bon mot* saw the light, little wotting the future fame its repetition would bring its author. This year, Forbes Robertson in January delighted the club with a talk on art—he has done some fine painting himself—and in February the most modest and unassuming of sailors, Commander Low of the *Neptune*, who raised the Canadian flag over Ellsmere Land, was the guest of the club and made a fascinating speech. Japanese Consul-General Nosse, from Ottawa, was also the guest of the club in February and spoke most excellently. March was marked by the visit of Walter A. Wyckoff of Princeton, the man who has "been and seen" the true workman in his life and environment, and whose magazine articles on "The Toilers" thrilled the continent. April has been a rich month in guests of honor and luminous addresses—Mr. Clifford Sifton, Rev. Charles Gordon (Ralph Connor), Mr. Rider Haggard and Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, four as opposite and as interesting men as ever spoke to the club, having during the past four weeks been in the chair of honor at the right of the president. The club is laying for "Bobs" and Mr. Huestis had a letter from the doughty

wee warrior a few days ago, the contents of which are not yet for publication. The secretary, in the correspondence incidental to his office, is amassing an unique and valuable autographic collection, his reward for a stupendous amount of work, which he tackles with enthusiasm.

Toronto has lost one of its best fire underwriters in the person of Mr. R. J. Mahony, assistant secretary of the Western Assurance Company, who has left the city to take a position with one of the largest insurance brokers in New York city. On leaving Mr. Mahony was presented with a handsome gold watch by the officers and staff of the company (with whom he has worked for the last twenty-three years), the presentation being made by Mr. J. J. Kenny. Mr. Mahony has left lots of friends who wish him success in his new field.

The choice of pictures for the Paris Salon, is made from the work of the best living artists. Mrs. May R. Hamilton, a clever Canadian artist who has studied abroad for the last few years, and is now living in Paris, has the honor of having three of her pictures accepted by the Salon this spring. Two of these are Italian scenes and the other a Dutch interior. Furthermore, these pictures are "on the line," which little phrase gives an added glory, as the initiated well know. Mrs. Hamilton may shortly return to her home in Winnipeg and will be most welcome.

Mrs. W. A. Muldrew, 281 Sherbourne street, will receive on Monday, April 24, and not again this season.

Among those registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mr. J. K. Pierson of Painesville, Mrs. W. C. Squires of Seattle, Mrs. D. O'Connor of Sudbury, Miss Alice Jones of Halifax, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. A. L. Stephens, Mrs. C. W. Tobey, of Collingwood; Mrs. R. Maxwell of New Orleans; Dr. MacKay of Woodstock, Mr. E. D. Watkins of Hamilton; Mrs. F. M. Gould, Miss M. E. Lane, Mrs. W. Stickney, of Buffalo; Miss N. E. Osgood of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. H. Totten, Miss L. M. Strathy, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. A. V. White, Mrs. R. H. Ward, Mrs. H. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Taylor, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Elm Boekh have gone to Atlantic City to spend the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Williams of Oaklawn, assisted by Mrs. Moore, mother-in-law-elect of the fair guest of honor, gave a young-folks' tea for Miss Ruby Reynolds, who is *fiancée* to Mr. Edward Moore, grandson of the hostess, on Thursday of last week. Both matrons wore the most lovely lace gowns, Mrs. Williams black over white, and Mrs. Moore cream lace. The pretty *fiancée* looked charming in pale yellow. Oaklawn drawing-room is of noble proportions, opening on one of the best-stocked conservatories, and all was bright and joyous at this pretty tea. Later on some of the party were entertained at a theater-party.

The second sessional dinner was given at Government House last Thursday, April 13, when His Honor entertained the following guests: Major J. J. Craig, Dr. E. Jessop, Dr. R. F. Preston, Dr. F. W. Lewis, Dr. A. W. Nixon, Dr. R. E. Clapp, Dr. T. S. T. Smellie, Mr. A. A. Mahaffy, Mr. J. W. Pearce, Mr. G. Pattinson, Mr. O. Aubin, Mr. C. Lamarche, Mr. C. C. Hodgins, Mr. G. W. Neely, Mr. F. G. Macdiarmid, Mr. H. Eilber, Mr. S. J. Fox, Mr. T. E. Blackburn, Mr. J. H. Fisher, Mr. J. J. Preston, Mr. J. S. Galagher, Mr. T. H. Lennox, Mr. J. H. Devitt, Mr. P. H. Bowyer, Mr. G. H. Ferguson, Mr. J. Torrance, Mr. J. R. Dargavel, Mr. A. C. Pratt, Mr. W. J. Paul, Mr. A. B. McCaig, Mr. H. W. Kennedy, Mr. L. J. Labrosse, Mr. D. Racine, Mr. G. S. May, Mr. D. J. McDonald, Mr. E. Fraser, Mr. George Kerr, Mr. H. Montgomery, Mr. J. Galna, Mr. A. McCowan, Lieutenant-Colonel J. V. Gravelley, Major D. M. Robertson, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Mr. S. C. Biggs, K.C., Mr. Donald MacKay, Mr. T. Gilmour, Mr. John Catto, Mr. Alex Fraser and Mr. W. J. Gage.

Owing to this paper going to press on Wednesday, on account of the holiday this week, several interesting mid-week occurrences are too late for notice.

Commander Spain of Ottawa was at the King Edward this week. Lieutenant-Colonel Hurdman was also in town from the Capital. Mr. Clifford Sifton was in town at mid-week, registered at the King Edward. There is a great influx of visitors, beginning to-day for the Easter gala week, when so much is on hand. Smart people for the Ball, sporty people for the Horse Show, musical people for the Paderewski concert, are filling up the big hotels, and many are guests in the homes of friends. Things should (with decent weather, of which we have had little lately), go with a rush not heretofore equalled in Toronto.

Right Honorable Lord Hawke will be in Toronto for the Horse Show next week. His Toronto friends, cricketers and others, will give him hearty welcome.

The Master will give a luncheon on Thursday at the Hunt Club to His Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess Grey and the viceregal party, who will leave the King Edward by private car for the club-house about noon on that day. This is sure to be the smartest of smart events.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie C. Macdonald of Dunkirk, N.Y., niece of Major Gray, to Mr. B. B. Hughes, son of the late Mr. Patrick Hughes.

The marriage of Mr. John W. Gilmour, son of Mr. T. Gilmour of Lowther avenue, and Miss Amy McDonough of London, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, last Saturday afternoon, and though a quiet one as to the number of guests, owing to bereavement in the family of the bride, was unshorn of beauty and interest on that account. The bride's beautiful *robe de noces* was of satin brocade *en train* over taffeta veiled in chiffon, the skirt strewed with the modish chiffon roses and the bodice in surplice folds with puffed chiffon sleeves, and a bertha of rose point. The bouquet was of orchids and lily of the valley, and the veil was fastened with orange blossoms. Miss Mary Biddle, Miss Helen Gibbons and Miss Shirley Carpenter were bridesmaids (the latter a little daughter of Major and Mrs. Carpenter, recently of Toronto). Master Ernest Little was page. The maid of honor and bridesmaids wore white lace gowns, picture hats of lace and roses, and carried bouquets of roses. Sir John Carling, uncle of the bride, brought her in and gave her away. Mr. Jack Counsell was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Dwight Turner of Midland and Mr. Harry Patterson of Hamilton. Mrs. McDonough gave the bridal reception and *déjeuner* at Parkhurst, the family residence. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, parents of the groom; Mrs. W. A. Gilmour and her son of Hamilton, Lady Carling, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Miss Cross of Toronto, uncle and cousin of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carling, Mr. and Mrs. George Shirley Gibbons, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, Colonel and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop and Mr. John Wardrop of New York, Mrs. George MacBeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts are spending Easter in New York. Miss Scott of Jameson avenue is also in New York for a visit of some weeks.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Violet Gooderham of Wavenny, last unmarried daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, and Mr. Reginald W. Bird of Boston, was the *raison d'être* of many good wishes from hosts of friends of this fine girl. Miss Gooderham has been the devoted companion of her parents on their travels and at home since she grew from a quiet girl into a very handsome woman, and this last one of the group of notably fine-looking sisters will leave Toronto in a chorus of regrets from all quarters.

Dr. Norman McLeod is spending some time in Lyon, New York, a pretty town near Rochester, where his sister, Mrs. Whipple, and her husband and family settled some time ago.

Mr. Grace has gone to England to bring back the travelers. Mrs. Grace and little "Annie Mary."

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell spent Monday in town, the guest of Miss Greenhields, in Elmsley place, a lady deeply interested in the mission to the Labrador fishermen. Dr. Grenfell left town on Monday night.

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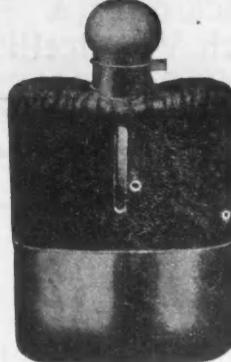
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Mrs. A. H. Hoover, 163 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, is spending three weeks in Mount Clemens, Mich.

Captain Allan Magee, who has discharged the duties of A.D.C. with so much satisfaction since the appointment of the Lieutenant-Governor, having completed his legal studies, has been compelled to resign his position, as he is about to leave Toronto to practice his profession. Captain Magee is at present a guest at Government House. His Honor has appointed in his place Lieutenant David Douglas Young, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The many friends of Mrs. Fisher Landon regret to hear of her sad bereavement in the death of her daughter (Lottie), Mrs. Fred N. Horton of Maplehurst, Ingleside, which is rendered more sad by the fact that she left a baby boy two weeks old. Mrs. Landon will make her home with Mr. Horton at Maplehurst.

Mr. Davidson Harman, who has been ill for some time and has lately been convalescing in Atlantic City, returned home on Tuesday.

Dr. Osler, Regius professor of medicine at Oxford, spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. E. B. Osler, at Craigleath, and left town on Monday morning at nine o'clock.

Lieutenant Douglas Young, R.C.D., Stanley Barracks, has received the appointment of A.D.C. to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, vice Mr. Allan Magee. Mr. Young is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. Young of Wolseley Barracks, London, Ontario, and was one of the first contingent sent from Canada during the war in South Africa. The announcements made elsewhere that Mr. Young had been made secretary to His Honor are somewhat misleading, as Major James Fraser Macdonald was quite recently appointed official secretary to Mr. Mortimer Clark.

The church-parade of the Stanley Barracks officers and men to service at St. George's Church, John street, on Sunday morning was a very smart turnout. I believe it was the first parade of the permanent force to any church but the Garrison place of worship, St. John's in Portland street. The band of the Royal Grenadiers led the brilliant little column, the keen red of the tunics of band, officers and men, and the snowy white helmets contrasting well, and though the morning was freaky, snow-flurries alternating with sunshine, the street was lined with people watching the entry of the military to the fine old church. This Palm Sunday parade was the last with which Colonel Septimus Denison will appear as officer in command at Stanley Barracks, as he vacates his quarters next week to give place to Colonel Hemming and assume his duties as Chief of Staff to the D.O.C.

Miss Maude Denison is to pay a visit to Miss Helen Davidson and afterwards to other friends while her mother and younger sister are in England.

Mrs. and Miss Grace Cawthra have returned to Yeadon Hall, Maior and Mrs. Brock and Captain and Mrs. Burnham returned also from Atlantic City last week.

Among those planning a summer abroad are Mrs. Otter and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, who leave in May, and Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, who leave in June.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed is studying in Paris under de Reske and I am told that her world-famous instructor is charmed with her voice and artistic temperament. After hearing her sing, some time ago, M. de Reske hastily invited some of his musical friends to his studio and had "la belle Marie" sing for them for two hours, which is a more decisive compliment than often falls to the pupil of so noted a teacher. Mrs. Reed will be home in a few weeks and her welcome awaits her.

The too hasty announcements made elsewhere of postponements of several functions at Government House during the viceregal visit have been firmly discounted by the issuing of invitations to the State banquet in honor of His Excellency and the Countess Grey, which will take place, as announced long ago, on Thursday evening, April 27. Mrs. Mortimer Clark is very much better and anxiety as to her speedy recovery has, I understand, quite passed away.

Mrs. Walker is giving a by-by tea for her daughter, the bride-elect, Miss Leah Walker, on Easter Tuesday. Mrs. Joy of Brunswick avenue is giving a tea on Friday of Easter week.

More than ordinary brilliancy and éclat are now assured for the Royal Canadian Yacht Club Ball at the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday, April 25, for not only will vice-royalty and their suite grace the occasion with their presence, but a majority of the distinguished persons who have received complimentary invitations have accepted the courtesy and will attend the ball. Many representatives of out-of-town society will also seize the opportunity of visiting Toronto at a time when they may take advantage of the conjunction of three such notable events as the Yacht Club Ball, the Horse Show and the Padrewhisk engagement, and this, too, will aid in giving this most favored of the year's social events a success which even its most famous predecessors have not enjoyed. The lists are now practically full, and late applicants run the risk of being disappointed. The list of complimentary guests is as follows: His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Sybil Grey, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Lord Bury, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sladen, Captain Trotter, A.D.C., Major Pauke; His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. and the Misses W. Mortimer Clark, Captain Allan Magee, A.D.C., Major Macdonald, official secretary, and Mrs. Macdonald, Commander Law, Mrs. and Miss Law, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. and Miss Whitmore, the Mayor and Mrs. Urquhart, Major-General Lake and Mrs. Lake, the Inspector-General and Lady Aylmer, the Quartermaster-General and Mrs. Cotton, the Commandant of the Royal Military College and Mrs. Reade, Colonel Otter, C.B., D.O.C., and Mrs. Otter, the Commandant of the Royal Canadian Regiment and Mrs. and Miss Denison, the Commandant of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Colonel Buchan, D.O.C., and Mrs. Buchan, Colonel James Peters, D.O.C., and Mrs. Peters; the Chancellor of Ontario and Lady Boyd, the Chief Justice of Ontario and Mrs. Moss, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Lady Meredith, the Chancellor of Trinity University and Mrs. Robinson, the Dean of the Medical Faculty and Mrs. Reeve, the Archbishop of Toronto, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Miss S. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod and Miss McLeod; the Honorary President of the Argonaut Rowing Club and Mrs. Percy Galt, the President of the Argonaut Rowing Club, ex-Commander A. R. Boswell and Mrs. Boswell, ex-Commander Aemilius Jarvis and Mrs. Jarvis, ex-Commander George Gooderham and Mrs. Gooderham, ex-Commander George H. Gooderham and Mrs. Gooderham, ex-Commander James H. Plummer and Mrs. and Miss Plummer; the Commodores of the Chicago Yacht Club, Columbia Yacht Club, Jackson Park Yacht Club, Milwaukee Yacht Club, Little Traverse City Yacht Club, Macatawa Bay Yacht Club, Cleveland Yacht Club, Lakewood Yacht Club, Detroit Boat Club yachtsmen, Detroit Yacht Club, Erie Yacht Club, Monroe Yacht Club, Put-in-Bay Yacht Club, Sandusky Yacht Club, Toledo Yachting Association, Maumee River Yacht Club, Up-River Yacht Club, Buffalo Yacht Club, Kingston Yacht Club, Oswego Yacht Club, Queen City Yacht Club, Rochester Yacht Club, Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, Victoria Yacht Club, and Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

Mr. Mansfield has just closed his successful engagement here, appearing during last week, in the famous Molière comedy, *Le Misanthrope*, this proving the only new addition to his somewhat familiar roles. Mr. Mansfield's work is too well known to need comment, and there are still multitudes who believe him to be the representative actor of the American stage. His repertoire shows extraordinary versatility and in one or two of his characterizations he does to a considerable extent conceal his own identity. But not so as *Alceste* in *The Misanthrope*. Here he is plain Richard Mansfield, soured, snappy, malevolent, and speaking his lines in that jerky, inflexible manner that has become so habitual with him. Delightful as the comedy is, the audience heard it at times with only polite attention, and with the respect due to their own preconceptions of the actor's greatness.

Mrs. Bickford's matinée bridge and tea at the Strollers' Club-room on Monday is the first of a busy round of festivities which will crowd Easter week to repletion.

Mr. G. F. McGuire, Miss McGuire and Mrs. Notman have returned from a visit to Atlantic City.

"Don't you think we could do something to make this organization more attractive?"

"Well, I thought we might mark down the initiation fee to nineteen ninety-eight."

Mr. G. F. McGuire, Miss McGuire and Mrs. Notman have returned from a visit to Atlantic City.

J. E. W.

New York Letter.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OLY WEEK does not usually call for much activity in theatrical circles, but this year is to provide the exception that proves the rule—no less than three new pieces being promised in addition to those already before us. Visitors, therefore, who find it agreeable to keep Lent, away from home, will find plenty of entertainment in store for them.

First in importance, to the intelligent playgoer, will be the revival of the famous Goldsmith comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Liebler & Co. announce as their Easter attraction, New York and elsewhere have witnessed many revivals of this masterpiece, and here it has commanded the services of such actors and actresses as Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan and others, but the cast of the present revival should compare very favorably with these or any that have gone before. The last presentation of the comedy seen in this city was that of Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, supported by her English company under the management of Mr. Greet. Miss Mathison's charming *Kate Hardcastle* is still remembered and cherished among the delightful characterizations of that refreshing and highly-endowed artist. Eleanor Robson, who plays *Kate* in the present revival, will challenge comparison with this, but, no doubt, will give a highly interesting and pleasing performance of the part. Her phenomenal success in *Merry Mary Ann*, at least, leads us to assume this. Kyrie Bellew, as the dashing young *Marlow*, will certainly prove a fine stage picture and give a real distinction to the rôle. Mrs. Calvert, a well-known character actress of the London stage, who has won much of her reputation in the part of *Mrs. Hardcastle*, has been brought over specially for this production and will likely prove a valuable acquisition to the stellar cast. She has appeared in America before with Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. Other members of the starry cluster are Isabel Irving, J. E. Dodson, Louis James, Sidney Drew and Frank Mills—a galaxy that really ought to light up the old comedy with something approaching splendor.

Mrs. Fiske's most successful season at her own theater, unfortunately comes to a close at the present week-end, the Manhattan remaining dark during Holy Week. Not that Leah Kleschka has run its course by any means, but road engagements made long ago have to be fulfilled. When I saw Mrs. Fiske last, she could not be sure whether Toronto would be included in the present tour or not—all Toronto theaters being under the control of the Theatrical Trust—but I sincerely hope you will have the opportunity of seeing this excellent melodrama as played by one of the best acting companies ever brought together. It is easily the most finished all-round performance of the New York season—and this does not overlook the claims of Arnold Daly's production of the Bernard Shaw play, *You Never Can Tell*, nor David Warfield in the *Music Master*.

The *Heir to the Hoarah*, a Western tale written by one Paul Armstrong, and put on the New York boards last week for the first time, has taken theatregoers by storm. And this in spite of the fact that the brisk little comedy besought theatrical managers, had in hand, for two years, before Mr. Kirke La Shelle, who produced that other success, *The Education of Mr. Pipp*, finally saw that it was good and took a chance on its "going" qualities. *The Heir to the Hoarah* is a fight to the finish between the civilization of East and West, and in the end the West prevails, because its heart is good, even though its manners be exceedingly bad from the standpoint of Eastern culture. Strange to say, there was not a gun in sight during the whole encounter, though the men who use guns were all about the stage.

The story runs this way: A fashionable but impetuous lady of the East—Newport, we are told—has succeeded in marrying her daughter to a wealthy young mine-owner of the West, Joe Lacey, who shortly afterwards proves quite "impossible." Joe, who is a good sort and sincerely in love, has built his bride a mansion in the mining district, and in the first act we even find him instructing himself from a book of etiquette, in the forlorn hope of modifying his Western deportment to suit the Eastern fastidiousness of this young wife. The effort ends in failure all around, however, and when the young wife finally expresses, point-blank, both contempt and hatred for him, he realizes that the game is up. Previous to this, his chums, who had turned up to offer congratulations, drew away in disgust at sight of their Joe transformed into an "Eastern swell," the dress suit in their minds proving the eternal sign and symbol of his desertion of Western ideals. Thus, ignominiously fallen between two stools, Joe's discomfiture is complete, and, with his valet, he starts at once for the Continent. He is away eight months, and the next two acts are concerned with his home-coming, wherein the old chums have returned to their allegiance and are planning a big dinner for him. They have even yielded the point of "dress suits," and there is an excellent fun-making scene when these typical Westerners turn up in as many variations of the "open-faced" clothes. In fact, these Westerners are pretty much the "whole thing" throughout. They are well drawn, humorously placed, and their rough good nature proves a more attractive side of Western character than the gun-loading habits in which we have formerly identified them. It is to this dinner-party that news is brought of the birth of a son to Joe Lacey, and after the natural consternation has subsided and a toast to the "heir" of the Hoarah mine is drunk, all parties repair to Joe's house "to see the kid." Here, again, in its portrayal of their interest in such happenings, is some splendid comedy drawing of its kind, reminding one just a little of a similar interest in the famous *Luck of Roaring Camp*. Instead of the humble offices of a goat, however, and a single male attendant, the "heir" can afford six prize milch cows, two nurses, and a doctor—besides horses and carriages which the interested pals insist on buying "for the baby."

Amid all these mellowing influences the chief character in the play are moving toward a reconciliation. The loyalty and devotion of Joe's friends to her husband touch the young wife's heart, until she, too, yields herself to the influence of the more wholesome, whole-hearted West. The result involves a breach with the mother, who, when she realizes that her empire is over, leaves her daughter and husband to their happiness and returns to Newport. But this is as it should be. Mothers seldom give daughters good advice, and this one—well, we leave her to Newport and to Providence.

The piece is exceedingly well cast, and if there are crudities here and there in construction, there is so much whole-some mirth and merriment withal, that one has hardly time to think of faults in the presence of so many virtues. A feature of the cast is the appearance of a young Japanese, who plays the part of Joe Lacey's valet. Naturally, he comes in for a good share of attention, and when he applied his *jiu-jitsu* to a big impudent butler, the house fairly rang with applause. One wondered if he realized his representative capacity, and felt for the pride of his nation, on whom the eyes of all the world are being turned at this moment in amazement. If he felt any such concern, however, he did not betray it, but did his work with that unconscious attention to detail which marks the thorough artist. Perhaps here is another field opening to this marvelous race, whom yesterday we were for converting from heathendom. Will they beat us at this game also?

Jimmy the Carrier, in which Miss Annie Russel appeared for the first time last week, is the latest "corset play" of that indefatigable corset firm, I. Zangwill & Co. The impression here is that Mr. Frohman had the head of this firm, during his recent visit to the States, take the usual bust and waist measures of all the Frohman luminaries, giving him a standing open order for each, and only stipulating that delivery should be made as required. This is probably the first delivery on the new lot, and, from an outside observation, the fit is unquestionable. Miss Russel is a sweet stage lady and her admirers will no doubt find her to their liking as *Jimmy* in the simple pastoral of *Frog Farm*.

Mr. Mansfield has just closed his successful engagement here, appearing during last week, in the famous Molière comedy, *Le Misanthrope*, this proving the only new addition to his somewhat familiar roles. Mr. Mansfield's work is too well known to need comment, and there are still multitudes who believe him to be the representative actor of the American stage. His repertoire shows extraordinary versatility and in one or two of his characterizations he does to a considerable extent conceal his own identity. But not so as *Alceste* in *The Misanthrope*. Here he is plain Richard Mansfield, soured, snappy, malevolent, and speaking his lines in that jerky, inflexible manner that has become so habitual with him. Delightful as the comedy is, the audience heard it at times with only polite attention, and with the respect due to their own preconceptions of the actor's greatness.

J. E. W.



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The Strange Allies of Charles
 By W. H. Koebel
 

ONE but a much-married sister would have suggested it. The majority of brothers would have refused point-blank. But he was at a double disadvantage—he was both soft-hearted and her guest. He proved complaisant.

"It seems hardly fair to ask it, Charles," she admitted, "but Jane is out with the children. Louisa brought home marmalade the last time I sent her for fresh eggs, and Emily is engaged to the green-grocer's boy. But then, of course, what do you know about babies' clothing?"

Charles gazed doubtfully down the creases of his trousers. He was fond of his sister. He felt a little pity, too, for her share in matrimonial venture, of which the least successful element was finance. Its result was evidenced in a condition of enthusiastic but helpless domesticity.

"Why should Emily's engagement prevent her from going out?" he asked tentatively.

"It doesn't," replied his sister. "The difficulty is to keep her in. Vegetables magnetize her, and I don't care to add fuel to the flames unnecessarily."

Charles rose with reluctance.

"I'll do what I can," he volunteered. "But, of course, I disclaim all responsibility for what may happen. They may load me with garments that are positively senile. If so, I shall be sorry, but—these things are not learned in a day, you know."

His sister gazed at him in perplexity. "A pattern," she suggested doubtfully. "You might take one."

"No!" said Charles with unexpected firmness; "on principle, no! Even a bachelor has duties towards his kind."

"If it weren't so important—" mused the other. Then her face brightened as she moved to her writing-table. "Look here. If I give you a note to hand to one of the girls over the counter there can be no mistake."

"Of course not," agreed Charles unhesitatingly.

Charles emerged from the establishment of Greenleaf & Holt filled with a sense of admiration for the tall girl in black who had received the note. Her eyes had remained deferential throughout; she had not even smiled. As he swung the parcel from the first finger of his left hand he decided that her breeding was perfect. Permeated with a new-born sense of relief, it was only now that he realized the blackness of the cloud that had obsessed him.

He had not gone a dozen paces ere a hand beckoned to him from a waiting victoria. In the sight of Maude Ellison, and incidentally of her mother, the enjoyment of his relief itself became an insignificant thing. It was his habit when in her neighborhood to ignore the minor sensations. He forgot all but that he was stepping into the carriage where she sat, uttering a torrent of thanks quite unsuited to an afternoon tea invitation.

At the end of the drive he found himself with the parcel still in his hand. He had desisted from a surreptitious attempt to force it within his tail-pocket. Like the tiny body it was intended to cover, the thing, whatever it was, though soft, was obstinate. He placed it behind a vase upon a table in the hall.

The enjoyment of tea itself was chastened by the presence of Mrs. Ellison's sister. In Lady Anewood's personality the border line between earnestness and gloom was thin to the point of emaciation, yet when a little later she drew her sister from the room Charles' heart warmed towards his unconscious abettor. No stranger instrument, he reflected, was ever chosen by love for its

therance. The omen was propitious. He leaned forward in his chair. To his chagrin Maude was pressing the bell.

"The parcels, Morden," she commanded as the man appeared. She turned to Charles.

"A bazaar," she explained. "Mrs. Sylvester again. The woman's interest in depravity is nothing short of demoralizing. Her latest *protégés* are the incurable debauchees. There is to be an institution or an asylum, I forget which. We have been shopping to that end. I think that if Aunt Penelope had not been staying with us mother would have refused. But there are means of pressure. These," she continued as the man placed a bulky collection of packages upon the table, "represent the maximum of display for the minimum of outlay. The secret is to buy utterly useless things; they appear so much more expensive."

Maude was turning over the packages with a contemplative hand. Charles' eyes started from his head. In their midst he saw his own—his sister's—parcel. He knew it by its shape and by the white paper that covered it. Notwithstanding the violent beating of his heart he remained outwardly cool. He even gave out the semblance of a laugh as he approached the table.

"Your man exceeds even you in enthusiasm," he said boldly. "This, for instance, is mine."

Maude took up the object before his hand could reach it.

"It is evident that you have no sympathy with the incurable debauchees, Charles," she told him. "But that is no reason why you should rob the bazaar. Besides, the contents of this would not interest you in the least."

Charles shut from him the vision of his sister's eyes. Further claim would lead to investigation, investigation to exposure.

"Then there is nothing more to be said," he admitted; "the mistake must have been mine."

Taking the parcel from her he placed it out of sight between two larger ones. But the machiavellian move proved abortive. Maude reclaimed the parcel once more.

"In order to convince you," she said, "you shall see what is in it."

"I am convinced already," protested Charles. "It was meant for a joke. I didn't laugh because I expected you to do that. You admit that it would not interest me, therefore what is the use of my seeing it?"

Maude gazed fixedly at him.

"Such want of curiosity is inhuman. Charles, you shall see it as a reward."

Charles had remained silent. "I am convinced already," he said. "It may be pure fancy on my part, but it will be for the best."

He had taken his first step towards the door when his eye swept the table with a final glance. The white parcel was already opened; its secret lay revealed. From out of its folds showed a collection of dainty silver and white circles with water-color paintings in their centers. He passed a hand across his brow. Then he seated himself upon the nearest chair—a human tempest of bewilderment.

"I thought doyleys were different," he said. "May I stay, after all?"

He remained for a period sufficiently lengthy to confirm Lady Anewood's suspicions. From that day she would never consent to remain unattended in the presence of a being liable to a second attack of mental derangement. But Charles' pertinacity reaped its reward. The moment came when he had Maude to himself once more.

"Mrs. Sylvester," he announced.

Charles sank back with slackened muscles. He met with apathy the guilty glance that Maude flung towards him.

"But, dear Mrs. Sylvester, such a thing as that—in such a cause," she was saying a minute later. "It amused us, and Mr. Ralton has been so interested, were you not, Charles?"

Charles returned her gaze stonily.

"Yes," he replied, when the entrance of Mrs. Ellison and her sister saved him from further speech. Lady Anewood's habitually stern countenance relaxed at the sight of the parcels.

"The bazaar," she murmured. "Let us see."

Charles joined Maude as she bent once more over the table. Covering the white parcel with his elbow, he pressed it cautiously forward towards the edge. Unfortunately for him, it fell upon a stool where reposed Lady Anewood's knitting. The thing, already accursed in his eyes, after dislodging one of the needles, remained poised in mid-air stuck upon the point of another. Lady Anewood's eyes glowed resentfully—she was a confirmed knitter.

Maude and Charles dived at the same moment. Charles regained his feet to sink empty-handed in a chair. The girl rose, one hand to her bright hair, the parcel in the other.

"A hard head is an unfair weapon," she complained. "Against yours mine felt to me like an eggshell. Yet I gained the day. What is there, Charles, in this parcel that upsets first your moral then your physical equilibrium?"

She turned to a large brown-paper package.

"This," she explained, "is a bed-quilt, Japanese, with receptacles to hold paper handkerchiefs. These are bedroom-slipperers with reversible soles. You place them in front of the fire, then you turn the sole before you put them on. Thus your foot comes in direct contact with the heat—at least the man promised it would. Here is a shaving-glass with brush-stand and cigarette-case attached—mamma insisted upon utility. These are patent egg-boilers. After three minutes exactly the water empties itself into a dish which you place beneath. I should buy them myself only I am sure that I should forget to put the basin underneath the instrument."

Mrs. Sylvester's face wore a look of straining gratitude. Maude rattled on till she came to the white parcel. She held it aloft.

"This," she exclaimed, "represents the climax of our endeavors. Twelve of the sweetest doyleys you ever saw."

She began to unfold the paper. Charles rose sick at heart.

"Before you open that," he said, "I want you to understand my share in the transaction. It may be necessary to explain—"

Maude was staring at him with round eyes.

"To explain what?" she demanded.

Charles lost his head.

"I don't know that I can explain, after all," he admitted. "You see I shouldn't recognize them even if I saw them. I can only warn you most emphatically that they are not what you expect."

"Is this a practical joke?" asked Lady Anewood grimly.

Maude had penetrated to the inner wrapping. Charles averted his eyes.

"Even if they are what you think they



ILL-TIMED.
The Drone—Got a lucifer about yer, matey?—*The Tatler*.

are," he exclaimed in desperation, "is a parcel of doyleys the sort of thing to be opened in the presence of a man?"

The four ladies, dumbfounded, regarded first him, then each other. After a while Maude broke into a subdued fit of laughter.

"Doyleys are not explosive," she cried.

"Then it would ease your mind you may retire for the two minutes that the operation will endure."

Oblivious of self-respect, Charles snatched at the opportunity.

"I think I will," he said. "It may be pure fancy on my part, but it will be for the best."

He had taken his first step towards the door when his eye swept the table with a final glance. The white parcel was already opened; its secret lay revealed. From out of its folds showed a collection of dainty silver and white circles with water-color paintings in their centers. He passed a hand across his brow. Then he seated himself upon the nearest chair—a human tempest of bewilderment.

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"Mrs. Sylvester," he announced.

The string snapped harshly as the scissors severed it. Charles, bracing himself, sat rigidly upon his chair.

It was at that moment the footman appeared once more.

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Charles sank back with slackened muscles. He met with apathy the guilty glance that Maude flung towards him.

"But, dear Mrs. Sylvester, such a thing as that—in such a cause," she was saying a minute later. "It amused us, and Mr. Ralton has been so interested, were you not, Charles?"

Charles returned her gaze stonily.

"Supposing," he suggested, "that you endeavored to forget all about it—for my sake?"

"Putting aside the last condition," retorted the girl with some acerbity, "nothing would be easier."

Charles, surveying her with concern, doubted her words.

She accompanied him in silence to the

parlour.

"If one knew the interior of everything in this world there would be fewer chances of making a fool of oneself," he asserted lamely after a pause.

The arching of Maude's eyebrows mounted yet higher.

"Possibly," she admitted. "And—you seriously intend me to take that as explanation?"

Charles pondered gloomily.

"Supposing," he suggested, "that you endeavored to forget all about it—for my sake?"

"Putting aside the last condition," retorted the girl with some acerbity, "nothing would be easier."

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A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tales needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all much advertised foods. Herbs, I never read a line of the many 'ads' of

Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food, till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the rudest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it, and have eaten a package of it every week since, and, I think it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for ten years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Look in each package for the famous little book, *The Road to Wellville*.

But to-day the Emperor has changed all that. The events in the Far East

have convinced him that his real mission lies in the Mediterranean. He comes forth suddenly as the champion of freedom and free countries. Having no humor, he probably does not see the cynicism of his latest pronouncement; but we, who know his ways, can afford to smile. He will permit no interference, says this prophet of liberty, in the affairs of Morocco. "The Sultan is the free sovereign," says he, "of a free country." Who is denying it? More than this, he thinks that "the present is an unsuitable time to introduce any reforms on European lines, and that all reforms should be founded on Islamic law and traditions."

Why, we wonder, is the time unsuitable, and what inspired this admiration of Islamism? Surely, if Morocco is a free country, she can adopt whatever reforms seem good to her, and it is quite unnecessary for the German Emperor, the wide-winged bird of freedom, to suggest what laws or what traditions the free people of Morocco should respect. True it is that Morocco requires peace and quiet—in that she is not singular; but she will not keep her peace and quiet if the German Emperor makes any more sudden descents upon her coasts.

While France has watched events with the utmost keenness, she has shown a most praiseworthy reserve in her comments upon the antics of the Emperor. She confesses that his behavior is "disobliging," as indeed it is, but she betrays no irritability of temper, and it need not be said that she will quietly pursue her work of "peaceful penetration," as though William II. had never left Berlin. And therein she shows her excellent wisdom. From the point of view of form, William II.'s conduct is deplorable, but "form" is not the peculiar virtue of Berlin, as Paris knows perfectly well, and if we leave form out of the question, William II.'s exploit is not of the highest importance.

The Emperor of Morocco will make such reforms as he deems necessary after the French or Islamic model, according to his own taste and discretion. As the Kaiser says, he is a free monarch, and he is not likely to sacrifice his freedom to please either the French Republic or the German Empire.

We may safely conclude, therefore, that in a few months William II.'s exploit will be forgotten. The trade which Germany does with Morocco will neither be increased nor decreased by the brief visit of the Imperial tourist, and France will be left in peace to carry out the policy which she has adopted with the approval and sympathy of England.

But one thing will be left, even when William II. has gone back to Berlin, and when the Imperial Chancellor has done his best to explain away his master's indiscretion, and that is a bitter sense of annoyance. France and England are in the position of a man who has been splashed with mud thrown up by an ill-driven carriage, and they will resent the insult now and for a long time to come. And this is a result which no sane monarch would desire to produce.

But William II. was never a diplomatist; he has not the skill to see whether his ill-considered actions will lead him to success.

Charles paused upon the doorstop.

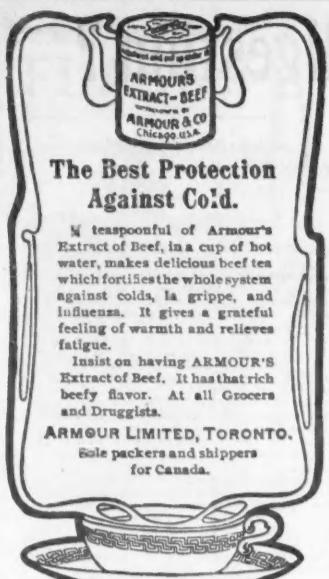
"The moment will have arrived," he said firmly, "when our improved relations will enable us to talk of the most intimate things."

So there are people who assert that Maude Ellison married out of pure curiosity.

The Antics of an Emperor.

THE German Emperor has all the vices of a fashionable actor. He must hold the center of the stage. The lime-light of popular attention must always be thrown upon his august head. So ardent is his passion for advertisement that he cares not what he does to achieve it.

Even if he inflicts an injury



OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths are meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBERT B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West
HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.
J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.
MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
26 Hemewood Ave.



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The Point of View.

WHAT FAMOUS MEN THOUGHT OF THEIR WIVES.

"**O** man knows what the wife of his bosom is. No man knows what a ministering angel she is until he has gone with her through the fiery trial of the world."—*Sketch Book*.

Even a brief holiday at the seaside was to Charles Kingsley too long an absence from his wife. "This place 'is perfect," he wrote on one occasion; "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love at the altar. . . . Fools!"

A beautiful testimony to one's home loves was paid by Robert Louis Stevenson at a Thanksgiving dinner in Samoa.

"There, on my right," said Stevenson, replying to an unexpected proposal of "The Host," "sits she who has but lately from our own loved native land come back to me—she to whom, with no lessening of affection to those others to whom I cling, I love better than all the world besides—my mother. From the opposite end of the table, my wife, who has been all in all to me, when the days were very dark, looks to-night into my eyes—while we have both grown a bit older—with undiminished and undiminished affection."

"I cannot live without the tenderness of some woman, and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore."

Thackeray was struggling between laughter and tears when he wrote that letter in the spring of 1857. It was then that his third child—Harriet Marion—afterwards Mrs. Leslie Stephen—was born, and his wife became very ill. The illness eventually affected her mind, and Thackeray was compelled to realize the terrible truth that his poor wife would never recover.

"I was as happy as the day was long with her," he told one of his cousins.

The grateful affection which Lord Beaconsfield entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She was in the habit of traveling with him on almost all occasions. A friend of the earl was dining with him, when one of the party had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the countess with him. Disraeli fixed his eyes upon her very expressively, and said: "I don't suppose you can understand it, B.—I don't suppose you can understand it, for so one could ever in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!" On another occasion Beaconsfield described his wife as "the most severe of critics but a perfect wife."

The domestic infelicity of the Carleys is, unfortunately, common knowledge, but in this place it is not inappropriate to give Mrs. Carlyle's view of her husband: "If he would only be satisfied" she used to sometimes complain of Carlyle. "But I have had to learn that when he does not find fault he is pleased, and that has to content me." On one occasion, when Carlyle was away from home, Mrs. Carlyle busied herself to get all in perfect order for her husband's arrival; and when all was complete—his dinner ready, his armchair in its usual position, his pipe and tobacco prepared, all looking as comfortable as possible—Mrs. C. sat down at last to rest, and to expect him with a quiet mind. He arrived; and "after he had just greeted me, what do you think he did? He walked over to the window and shook it, and asked, 'Where's the wedge of this window?' And until we had found that blessed wedge nothing would content him. He said the window would rattle and spoil all."

"Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other," he wrote in a letter to Forster, "and there is no help for it. . . . She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond that is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both! . . . The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is the end which alters everything."

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ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW—August 28 brings you under Virgo, a fire sign, the leading one of the triad—the other two govern August and December. The Aries people are particularly the "mothers of the world." Therefore, I should say you would, other things being favorable, do well to train for a nurse. Health, of course, needs to be of the best, and you should have a fair education. Your writing suggests that all is well in those particulars. You are careful of detail, sympathetic and somewhat susceptible. Quite the sort of girl to fulfill the nurse's ultimate achievement and "marry the doctor."

P. JONES.—You can't lose men of your name. Here's the first admiral of the U. S. Navy exhumed in Paris after a burial of a century, and he's still "Paul Jones," and alcoholically preserved and recognizable. You may be Peter or even Percy, but it's the Jones that saves you—may be! Your personal inquiry is not permissible in this column—unless you must respect the "veil which hangs between," and how dare you talk about the days when anyone was younger? As to the failure, you know God specially loves those who try hard and fail. There's a soft corner up above for them, I firmly believe. Therefore, a gentle envy should be their due from successful creatures who have (O miserable fate!) got all their desire. Since you wrote, Edmonton has given you a black

WHAT FAMOUS WOMEN THOUGHT OF THEIR HUSBANDS.

"**R**S. HARE pays many tender tributes to her husband in *a Quiet Life*. "I never saw anybody so easy to live with," she writes, "by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly. And then there is a charm in the refinement of feeling which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles."

"My children, be as your father was" the late Queen said at one of her family gatherings at Balmoral. Later, writing to her oldest and dearest friend in the first days of her overwhelming grief, she described the Prince Consort as having been to her "husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser and guide." That seems to sum up the ideal husband.

"He will not separate us—we have been so happy!" These were the last words of Charlotte Brontë when, having become Mrs. Nicholls, and having lived with her husband only nine months, death came to snatch the cup of domestic felicity from the lips of the happy pair. A low, wandering delirium came on. Wakening for an instant from this stupor, she saw her husband's worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh!" she whispered, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us—we have been so happy!"

A remarkable appreciation of her husband, the eminent diplomat, is given by Countess von Walderssee.

"His fine character," she writes, "inspires, and has always inspired me, with perfect confidence and affection, and his remarkable mind, with its unusual capacity for quickly forming correct judgments and acting upon them was a quality I was bound to especially appreciate."

The happy pair were married under very romantic circumstances in the spring of 1874. "And," adds the Countess, "the happiness to which we then looked forward has lasted for our lifetime."

What the celebrated Madame Necker thought of her husband is an interesting story. She had been taken to Paris to live with a young widow, to whom Necker—a financier from Geneva—came to pay his addresses. The widow, in order to rid herself of her admirer, got him to transfer his addresses to her young companion, saying to herself: "They will bore each other to death; that will give them something to do."

The happy pair, however, had no such foreboding. "I have married a man," wrote Madame Necker later, "whom I should believe to be an angel, if his great love for me did not show his weakness."

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ANTHONY.—November 12 brings you under Scorpio, a strong water sign. You are quite right. I do not think your hand a "superior one," in the sense of comparison with others. It is good of its own kind, though, with thought and some originality, independence of nature and the instinct, if not always the practice, of discretion and good judgment. It is not a very marked development, but has no small or mean traits to mark its progress. When experience and self-adjustment combine a little more, its good points (candor, independence, good temper, some care for detail, and conscientiousness) will come in well.

MERCURY—I do wish! Your birthday brings you under Virgo, a fire sign, the leading one of the triad—the other two govern August and December. The Aries people are particularly the "mothers of the world." Therefore, I should say you would, other things being favorable, do well to train for a nurse. Health, of course, needs to be of the best, and you should have a fair education. Your writing suggests that all is well in those particulars. You are careful of detail, sympathetic and somewhat susceptible. Quite the sort of girl to fulfill the nurse's ultimate achievement and "marry the doctor."

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There's a soft corner up above for them, I firmly believe. Therefore, a gentle envy should be their due from successful creatures who have (O miserable fate!) got all their desire. Since you wrote, Edmonton has given you a black

ture of yours has! Your birthday brings you under Capricorn, which sign rules from December 21 to January 20. Therefore you will see you are under its full influence. People born under Capricorn should be deep thinkers, natural orators and teachers. They worship intellect and "book knowledge." The true Capricorn likes to work independently and does best for himself, whereas the children of the other earth sign, Virgo, generally work best for others. Your writing is markedly insincere, not wily, but of usage, and its trend is to artificiality. You will likely resent this remark as untrue, but the Capricorn is form and manner, and they often worship to their hurt. You have decided talent and original expression, tenacity, far-reaching purpose, and great material aspirations. As to your being a bundle of contradictions as you say, that is the result of insincerity.

A. F. A., NEW YORK.—This is a sort of immature study, mainly wanting in snap and originality. The "obvious" is apt to be the only thing you grasp. The nature is adaptable, the temper amiable, the purpose variable, and never very dominant. Writer loves beauty, harmony and the easy ways of life, is probably a business person, with principle opposed to the strenuous. September 24 brings you under Libra, the October sign, but you still have much of the flat-footed ways of Virgo, from which you are only two days distant. The air sign shows in your outer semblance, manner, voice and look more than in your real self. You are, I fear, somewhat careless.

ISABELLA FROM RUSSIA.—I bow to your superior experience. Mine has only dealt with Russians outside their own country, where they have, no doubt, impulses of hatefulness due to their feelings of strangeness and the dislike they so often arouse in persons adverse to them. I found good Russians, but they had escaped from Siberia. I found bad Russians whom I should have loved to send to Siberia to teach them a few manners. In a long life with a good deal of travel, I have twice met unmixed insolence and brutality. Both times from officials, both of whom were Russians, though one wore an Austrian uniform. Therefore "I like me not Russians" thank you. Oh, I forgot. In Cork, where everyone was fatherly and motherly in kindness, there was one exception, a waiter in the Imperial Hotel. He was as handsome and well set up a young man as might be, and, when he was impudent, I found out he was—a Russian. I shrugged my shoulders over the headwaiter's apology and said, "But he's a Russian; that accounts for it." Perhaps the princesses and grand duchesses with whom you seem to be familiar are sufficiently civilized to appreciate the gentler traits. I take your word for it, and far be it from me to pitch into Russia, for the blessed little Japs have that contract. Did you wish a study of your writing or was your letter only a furtive stroke of the poor old bear?

BECKY SHARP.—Your enclosure was turned, as requested.

HYATTA.—The Swami himself is a treat; if you like, you can get his weekly lectures in the new magazine by sending a dollar, either through me or to the Velvanta House direct, for a year's subscription. I believe the first number comes out this month. For April (Aries) characteristics, please read another answer in this column. Your writing shows generosity, great magnetism, impulse and breadth of view. You are forceful and practical, discreet, and able. Why shouldn't you make a bully nurse? My regards to you, Irish girl!

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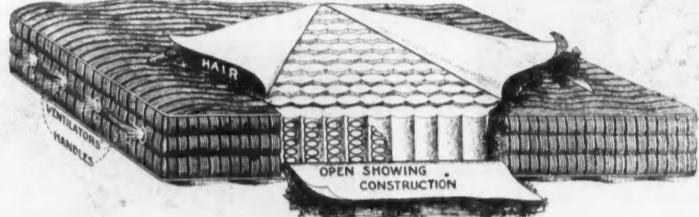
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The Heir of the Black Douglas.

ISTORY and romance contain no more attractive race than the family of the Black Douglas, who, long before the days of Wallace and the Scottish kings for the freedom of the Scot's country. To this very day, enclosed in a gold casket, the heart of the Black Douglas is worshipped as a sacred relic. A world of romance naturally surrounds the stalwart, but grey-haired Scottish earl who stands to-day the last of the race of the Black Douglas. The blood that runs through Douglas, Earl of March and Earl of Wemyss, is recognized by the German prince who now rules in England, because of his relationship to the ill-fated Stuarts, as even more aristocratic than that which flows in the royal veins of King Edward VII.

The Royal Family frequently journeys to the historical seat of the Douglas, where in his own ancestral halls the twentieth-century heir to the romance and estate of the Clan of Douglas still rules over the Lothian Hills, where the Black Douglas hundreds of years ago gathered his followers and marched to many a bloody battlefield. The head of the house of Douglas is the most aristocratic of the aristocrats, whose blood and race antedate that of every king or emperor in Europe, except the Hapsburgs, who still rule a remnant of their old empire from their Austrian capital. Vienna.

Ten miles of private railroad tracks lead to the bare wind-swept junction of Longniddry, in the Cheviot Hills, close to the shore of the Firth, and just on the southern verge of the extensive and lovely woods surrounding the Douglas palace. Down from the railway platform and striking straight north towards the coast, a few hundred yards bring us quite unexpectedly before the great western gateway of Gosford Castle, an imposing pile that at once seizes the mind and prepares the eye for the noble architectural features of the mansion more than a Scot's mile beyond its portal. "Je Pense Forward" we read above its main arch. The legend is a perpetual source of wonder to the wandering archaeologist. It need not minimize the significance of the curious motto to learn that it is really not one motto, but two. "Je Pense" is the motto of the Wemyss, Earl of Wemyss, and "Forward" that of Douglas, Earl of March. The walk of over a mile along the avenue is a rare treat to lovers of woodland.

Suddenly through a wide opening of wood looms up the southern front of

the mansion. Let us look around before entering. Not such a trifling operation is it, for only when we move out of the magnificent western frontage do we realize the great extent of the building and its imposing setting. Everything is on the spacious scale, sweeping park and lawns, rolling masses of wood, far-extending architecture, piling in exquisitely proportioned design up to the crowning curve of the glittering dome. The eye wanders northward to the sea beyond the near coast line, then comes to low-whispering murmur of the tide, then back to this noble pile, lonely in its greatness, silent amid its woods and by the sea.

It was in the semi-ruined pile of the old House of Gosford nearby that the Earls of Wemyss had their dwelling, after the purchase of the estate in the latter half of the fourteenth century by Francis, the fifth earl. A keen hunter, he found his fine mansion of Amisfield, several miles beyond Fladdeyton; rather far away from the vicinity of Gosford. The story is a queer one altogether, for although he built the main portion of the present building at a cost of \$5,000,000, he never inhabited it. It was all completed, and the priceless pictures hung in its spacious apartments, when a belief arose that, owing to sea-sand having been used in its building, it was damp and unsuitable as a habitation for either human beings or art treasures. Back went everything to the old house of Gosford, and for three hundred years the new house stood untenanted, until the present earl succeeded in 1883.

Lord Wemyss has been long before the public eye. But here beneath his roof-tree, amid his neighbors, in the midst of the local activities, always delighted to busy himself, we may see the Earl of Douglas as the public eye has no opportunity of seeing him. Eighty-seven years of age, with a clear eye, muscular wrist, and a voice that could yet ring a command easily across one of the battalions he so long commanded—the vigor, the fire of the Celtic blood in his veins cannot be mistaken, and remind us that his race was of the best blood of Scotland right back to the days that it shadowed on the very verge of history. In the political arena his service is far too long and varied to be more than brought to mind by a word. His military tendencies made him the creator of the volunteer movement in 1859—a movement in which he has never lost interest through all its changes.

To understand something of the hold which Lord Wemyss has upon the country in which he is at once the most popular and venerable of figures one has to go far back among the years. How often that clear-cut, aquiline countenance has looked from the stormy hustings upon forgotten electoral battles fought with a vigor no longer understood. For no fewer than thirty-six years, from 1847 to 1883, when he succeeded to the title, he represented his native county in Parliament. Lord-Lieutenant of his country, he guided the largely untried bark with admirable skill, and only a year or two ago left the helm. As a chairman he was the joy of the busy member and the absolute extinguisher of the talkative man who loves to speak for speaking's sake. For him a long night of business has no terrors whatever. Members do not lounge in their chairs when, with swift stride and comprehensive sweep of the eye, he approaches the chair and picks up the billet with the quick swoop that is again suggestive of the eagle. The men settle to their notebooks, for there is no toying with pencils when the earl presides. An old-time flavor is through it all, with a continual play of quip and humor, and occasionally an argument rapped home with a Scot's proverb given perfectly in the vernacular. A typical Scotsman, his wit has the bite of the winds of the North, and he has all the Celt's love of thinking for himself and "arguing the point." The old board of supervisors was to him an ideal enemy, with all its official circumlocution and red-tape entanglement. "The Board of Superannuates," he dubbed it, and the witty hit stuck to the board till it came to a respectable official finish.

There is no phase of activity in which the earl does not take active interest. And with all this variety of effort and interest there is the figure, picturesque and revered, which the outside public loves—the figure that is the benefactor of his kind, the ready helper in every useful scheme for the good of those around him. An aristocrat of aristocrats, he is beloved of the humblest worker who toils in the red Lothian soil. Everywhere about Gosford Castle may be noted instances of his well-known care for the preservation and opening up of natural happiness. In the golfing world his popularity is unbounded for his sheer love of the game and the facilities he has afforded for its practice upon the ideal links lying along the shore of the Firth. Gosford Woods, to the north, quite close to the mansion, border upon the well-known golf-links of the Kilspindie or Craigielaw, and here his lordship's figure is familiar in hodon grey and slouch hat, with a characteristic mixture of clubs ancient and modern, pursuing the flying ball with all the vigor of years he has left far behind.

With regard to art his lordship's attitude is as keenly observant and discriminating as ever, in proof whereof stands his palatial home. With all this variety of taste, usually making for retirement from the busier, sometimes noisier, interests of life, there remains his intimate touch with the political world and the social demands of the life around him. After a recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—the daughter and son-in-law of England's King—to Gosford, the earl drove several miles over to Haddington, where the agriculturists of East Lothian were holding high festival over the centenary of their county agricultural society. There, well toward midnight, he delivered a fiery onslaught on the defects of the War Office and the attitude of the Government toward the militia. It is this regard for the interests of those around him, the vital, genial connection with all that goes to make the life of the locality, that has won the last of the Douglas among his everyday neighbors the popularity he enjoys and an esteem which

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

See more than a quarter of a century leaked upon

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Mineral Water

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

is largely mingled with personal affection.

The architectural gem of the interior of Gosford is the celebrated Marble Hall. The exquisite creation comes before the visitor with all the effect of surprise. The most modest of entrance halls is crossed, a wide door opens, and instantly from the dim light of the hall you are transported into a fairy palace of marbles and alabasters, stairways and pillars, priceless canvases and rich translucent colorings. It is truly a temple of the beautiful, where the old Greeks might have lounged and been satisfied. The title of the Marble Hall, by which it is known in England, is accurately descriptive, for no common stone finds place in it. It has all the strength as if from the lamp of Aladdin. Naught but the richest marbles, the rarest alabasters and other stones of hue and touch so exquisite and so wonderfully sculptured, panelled and wrought together into a perfect whole that one can only wander slowly about and marvel.

To even name a fair proportion of these glories of ancient art would simply mean the writing of a catalogue. Corridors, staircases, apartment after apartment, in nooks, corners—everywhere hang examples of the skill of the immortal Viennese. How richly these time-mellowed panels of color glow in the light—strong faces and fair, saint and sinner, martyr, warrior, Virgin and Holy Child. Observe, too, what names are around us. Botticelli, Pollaiolo, Pietro della Francesca, Masolino, Tihaldo, Spagnolotto, Correggio, Rubens, Titian, Raffaello, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Murillo, Tintoretto—is there any master of note whose easel has not furnished something to this harvest of the centuries?

The "Stuart Room" relives the spell. Heroic portraits of the royal Stuarts are gathered, lustrous of eye, shapely of feature, centuries old in costume—the glorious line whose history is romance and their romance was history. What a world of tragedy is in their haunting faces! Minstrels sang and fields out of number were stricken for these shadows from long dead centuries. This singular apartment has a spell of its own, and one feels as if brocade would rustle and sword-points jingle through the stillness. The loyalty of the very race that now owns this treasure-room carried their representatives into the battlefield behind the last of the Stuarts who struck blow on the soil of England and they shared in the tragic disaster which ensued. In the large salon is Murillo's magnificent "St. John," one of the greatest possessions of all art. The great corridors are especially rich in tapestries and comparatively small paintings. Surely the seat of the modern Black Douglas is worthy of that princely house and the coming American billionnaire will covet this historic nest of nobility and romance to gild his millions with the escutcheon and titles of the double earldom of Douglas, Earl of March and Wemyss.

Police Spies With Titles.

EVERY detective has in his employment one or two men—ex-convicts, or associates of thieves and evil-doers, generally—who keep him informed of the movements of their fellow-criminals. These men are called "narks" and it is owing to their information in a great measure that the police are enabled to checkmate the nefarious plans of the habitual criminal.

Few people, however, are aware that the very same system obtains among the more refined evil-doers, whose happy hunting-ground is the West End of London. There are police spies with titles, who belong to good clubs, who are to be seen dining or supping at the Savoy or the Carlton every night—in short, well-known men about town. They are men of good family and aristocratic connections, who have exhausted their resources, and are living on their wits.

One of these aristocratic narks is a young baronet, the holder of an ancient and historical title, with brilliant political associations. Some years ago the young man came a serious financial cropper, and has since been living on his wits. He is associated with some of the most astute and successful sharpers in the West End, whom he does not scruple to "give away" wholesale to his patrons, the police.

"Good afternoon, Sir John!" says the detective-inspector in plain clothes, strolling in to the Criterion bar, where the baronet is consuming sherry-and-bitters.

Greetings being exchanged, the detective comes to business.

"By the bye," he says carelessly, "So-and-so's mob seem very flush of money just now. Whom have they got hold of?"

The name of the unfortunate man whom the "mob" are denuding of his money, and all the necessary particulars, are promptly forthcoming. The consequence is that the sharpers get a severe warning that all is known; and the foolish young victim is, greatly to his astonishment, enlightened to the real characters of the well-dressed and genial sportsmen with whom he has been playing cards, shooting pigeons, backing horses, and indulging in similar amusements.

There is a certain aristocratic police spy—an unworthy member of a noble house—who will call for the nonce the Hon. Percy. He has a method of work which is interesting in its utter unscrupulousness and lack of that "honor" which is said to exist among thieves.

Having got hold of one of those young gentlemen with considerably more money than sense, he introduces him to a mob of sharpers, with whom he "stands in" during the fleecing of the unfortunate youth. When he has obtained all that is coming to him from this quarter, he straightway denounces his accomplices to the police, thus achieving what is called in the circle he adorns "the double double."

By the time this happens, however, it is generally too late to do the victim any real good, as he and his money have been parted with that easily indicated in the proverb.

Men who have once "done time," and have a holy horror of going "inside" again, are the most willing of the detective's unofficial assistants.

Others are to be found in the ranks of the "men in the market"—which is to say, those against whom nothing has yet been brought, but who have walked in shady ways so long that they are in hourly terror of feeling a detective's hand on their shoulder. Well-born and delicately-bred, accustomed to all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life, there is nothing they dread so much as the hardships of prison existence, to escape which they would, and often do, sell their dearest friends to the police.—*Answers.*

Entirely Due to Ignorance.

"Yes," said little Perkins, "I've learned jiu-jitsu."

"Have you, now?" said an admiring chorus.

"Wonderful science, isn't it?" "It is. What is more," he continued, "I had an opportunity a few weeks ago of applying my knowledge. I was attacked by an enormous hooligan fellow one night; but I didn't mind. I just remembered what I'd learned, and I applied the wily-nilly grip, which means that you grab your victim by the right elbow and the left ear, and, thanks to jiu-jitsu, you can lead him wherever you like."

"Excellent. That was splendid."

"It would have been, but the hooligan didn't know jiu-jitsu, and so he picked me up, dusted me against a lamp-post till I thought every bone in my body was broken; then he took what he wanted from my pockets at his leisure and left. But I'm not a bit discouraged; you see, that fellow had never studied jiu-jitsu; if he had, he would have known that my hold rendered him powerless."

Something Like a Hoax.

We have heard a good deal about hoaxing and hoaxers lately, but as a proof of human credulity no better instance can be recorded than the hoax which was played by the Duke of Montague in London in 1749, when, in company with some friends, the duke said public curiosity and credulity went so far that, if a person advertised that he would creep into a quart bottle, he would get an audience. A wager being made on the matter, the following advertisement was inserted in the press:

"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 10th inst., is to be seen a person who performs several surprising things following, viz.—First, he takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine. This bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it."

The advertisement had the desired effect. The theater was crowded in all parts, and after the audience had waited patiently for half an hour and the performer made no appearance, signs of disorder commenced. The throwing of a lighted candle on the stage served as the "charge for sounding to battle," and in less than an hour—before a party of Guards could be obtained—the interior of the house was wrecked.

But She Broke it Gently.

White as the driven snow, and trembling like an agitated blanc mange, Celia, the new housemaid, burst into the drawing-room.

"Brandy!" she moaned; "for the sake of all you hold dear, give me a little brandy!"

With tender heart full of misgivings and gloomy forebodings, her mistress hastened to succor the collapsed girl with the required spirit.

"What ever has happened?" she asked. "Oh, mum—thank you, that's much better. I don't care so much now. I've just broke the old Sévres vase that was in the morning-room."

Few, if any, places in Canada have turned out more public performers associated with the amusement world than has Toronto, and it is gratifying to know that in nearly every instance its "native talent" have worked their way to the top rung of their respective ladders. This may be especially said to apply to Mr. James E. Hardy, whose career as a high-rope performer has been eminently successful. Hardy, who is known in the world over as "The American Blondin," has of late years taken up his permanent residence near London, and his house, "Niagara Villa," Catford, is a pretty little place. He purposes visiting Canada and America during the coming summer, and a long list of important engagements is assured for him.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1709

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, New Zealand, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2.00
Six Months.....	1.00
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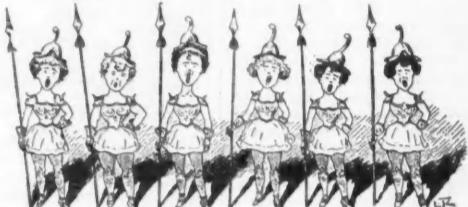
Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 18 TORONTO, CANADA, April 22, 1905. No. 24.

THE DRAMA



THE Wizard of Oz, running all this week at the Princess, hasn't lost the gift of enchantment, and in its unique features is as delightfully entertaining as ever. It is now an old favorite with a Toronto audience, and still the most popular musical extravaganza given on Toronto boards. Familiar as Toronto theatergoers are with the Wizard and its tuneful airs, the eccentric story and amusingly impossible Lion and Calf, the grotesque humor of The Scarecrow and The Tin Woodman are always convincingly laughable. When it is considered that the theatrical season is drawing to a close and that the present company has been on the road for months, it is surprising the degree of apparently spontaneous interest the principals and chorus display in their respective roles. Not only is the entertainment as spirited as ever, but the scenic effects and beautiful costuming as brilliantly beautiful as at the first appearance of the musical success. It may be that men and women are only grown-up children, but the humor and antics of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Lion and the Calf appealed as much to the grown-ups as they did to the numerous children who, through the wisdom of their parents, were given an opportunity of seeing one of the most delightfully grotesque and impossible children's stories that the imagination of childhood could conceive. Many new hits were introduced by Mr. F. A. Stone, the inimitable Scarecrow, and the almost equally amusing Mr. David C. Montgomery as the Tin Woodman. It is hard to tell why ordinarily grave and sedate people, in a serious age and a city whose inhabitants are said to take life seriously, should be highly entertained by tomfoolery, no matter how clever the tomfoolery may be, and however well it may be accompanied by sparkling music; still, seldom do Toronto audiences show more unrestrained delight than they have done at the tomfoolery of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. It may be that it is on account of the seriousness with which in this strenuous age we are prone to take life that such a clever piece of brilliant nonsense is so much appreciated as a welcome change. Miss Annie Laughlin as Dorothy makes a delightfully sprightly figure, her physique and voice being eminently suited to the part of the credulous child with a fondness for ingenuous pets. Her dancing was the embodiment of graceful vivacity. Miss Lottie Faust was an exceptionally pretty and bewitching Tricia, her singing of Sammy, the familiar wheeling soubrette air, to a box-party of Ontario Ministers and members of the Legislature, being a feature of one of the first nights of the week's run. The blushes and evident embarrassment of the legislator in being sung to at a three or four-foot range in the most alluring and affectionate manner, by a bewitchingly pretty girl in full view of a crowded house, were not the least enjoyable features of the extravaganza to the rest of the audience.

Ralph Stuart, in his last year's play, *By Right of Sword*, is back at the Grand Opera House this week and is meeting with his usual success. Mr. Stuart has a very good company to back him, and the stage-setting is appropriate. As the calm, level-headed American in the midst of a Ninist intrigue, he is very successful. Alf Helton as the valet is good. Mr. G. R. Sprague as the American Consul does excellent work. Miss Mabel Wright portrays fairly successfully the suffering heroine *Olga*, while the smaller parts are in the hands of competent artists who make the most of them.

Shea's has as a headliner this week Mr. Albert Chevalier, the famous English actor, whose delineations of coster life are inimitable. With consummate skill Mr. Chevalier portrays that lowly class that is peculiar to the great metropolis. In comedy and pathos he shows the effect of long and conscientious study, his dialect is perfect, and in all his characters he proves himself to be a natural, refined and accomplished artist. Of the other turns, perhaps Rose Aquinaldo, contortionist, is the best, as she combines gracefulness with her extraordinary postures. Hill and Whitaker sing rather daintily. The Three Tasmanians are female acrobats whose turn is effective. Le Roy and Woodford's turn is rather amusing. The Fitzgibbon-McCoy Trio gain applause in their singing and dancing turn. Cliff Gordon, with a German dialect attached, talks funny. Tisley, whose impersonation of famous men is quite good, with the kinetograph, completes an excellent bill.

Reward of Virtue.

A Good Little Boy stood eying the cakes on his mother's afternoon tea-table.

His small mouth watered; his ten fingers itched; his entire being was possessed with longing.

He looked slyly around. He stretched forth his hands. He touched those shiny, toothsome cakes.

Then he remembered his dear mamma, and how grieved she would be when her callers should appear and those pretty cakes should be gone.

His heart tugged him hard. His diminutive mouth quivered, and he walked sorrowfully out of the room.

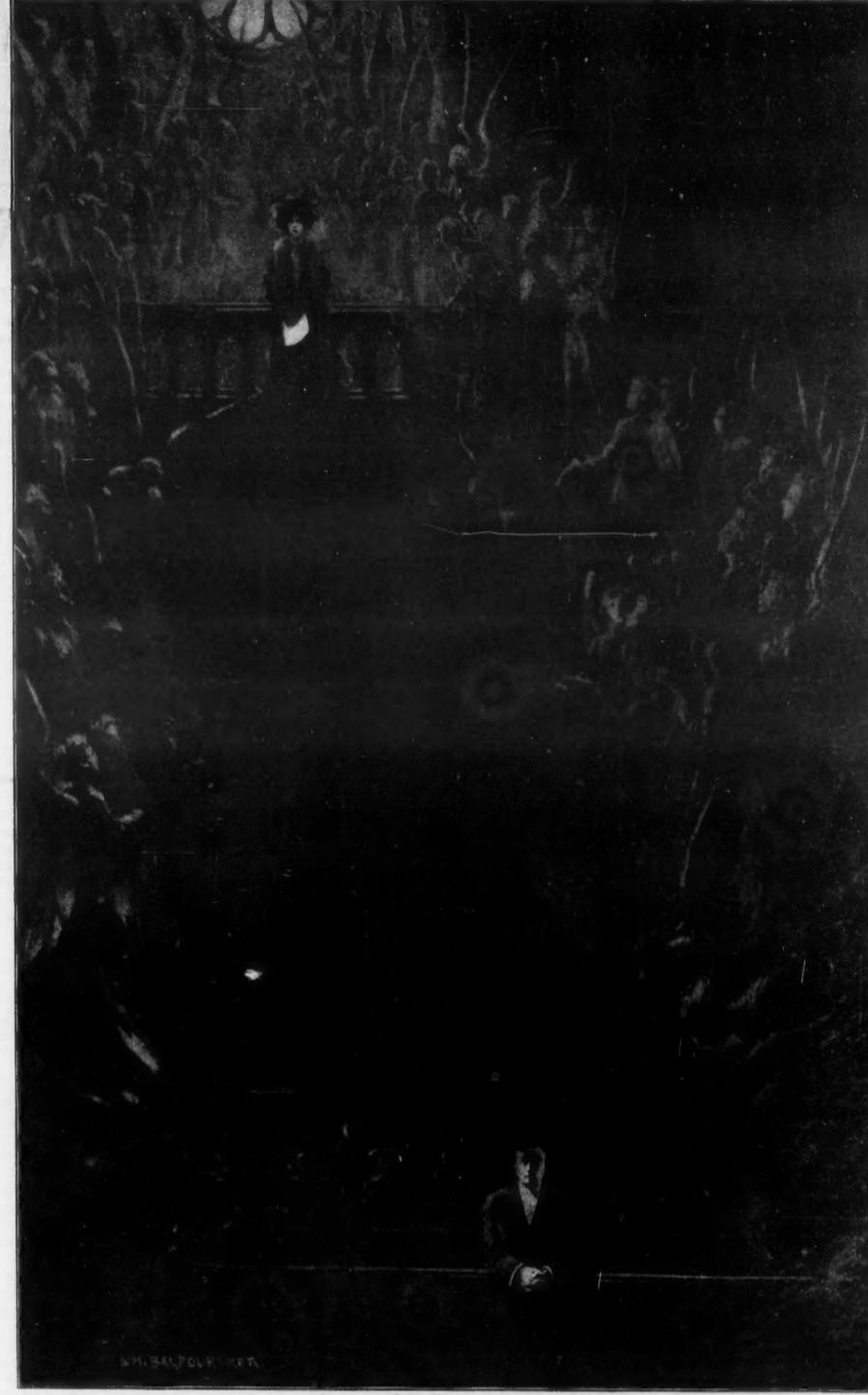
Down the hall came Naughty Younger Brother, who bowed into that room, pounced upon those cakes, and promptly devoured them all.

The Good Little Boy, taking one more peep in passing, saw the sad sight, and ran crying loudly to his dear mamma what Younger Brother had done.

His dear mamma promptly spanked him for being a tell-tale, and shot him in a dark closet for putting Younger Brother up to such naughtiness.

Moral: Virtue is the other fellow's reward.

LEE RISING.

AN EASTER HYMN.—*Life*.

Forbidden Fruit Cake.

On a certain "ladies' college" less than a day's journey from Toronto, there is the excellent rule that "boxes sent from home shall be inspected by the President." This institution fears that the health of some fair maiden may be injured by "gifts of rich cake and other delicacies," and whenever such gifts are discovered they are promptly returned to the unwise parents. The pupils are uncharitable enough to declare that the President keeps a sample of the home cooking for his own comfort, but that must be a school-girl libel, since Dr. Bounder, the aforesaid president, is the most cadaverous gentleman who ever said grace at a boarding-school table. So well-known was this inflexible rule that fond mothers seldom dreamed of sending cake with their boxes of winter clothing, while it was nothing short of miraculous when a young man was able to smuggle a box of candy past the eagle eyes of the college inspectors.

Great was the lamentation in Room 25 when it became known that a box of goodly dimensions had been sent to Gladys Horton and was being withheld on account of the

forbidden nature of the contents. The president had sent for Gladys on Saturday afternoon and had gravely informed her that the box would be returned on Monday, since it contained nothing but a most "harmful assortment of rich fruit-cake, pickles and other undesirable articles."

"I cannot understand," said Dr. Bounder, "why Mrs. Horton should have transgressed our rules. That particular rule is printed in italics in the college calendar." The pamphlet referred to contained almost as many prevarications as the campaign literature of a political party; but Gladys refrained from retort and went tearfully away to inform the occupants of Room 25 of the good things that were to be returned on the following Monday.

"It's a shame," said Mabel Mills, "and to-morrow's Sunday, too. We could eat all day, if it wasn't for that tiresome Dr. Bounder."

"He said," faltered Gladys, "that we had abundance of nourishing food."

"Nourishing!" scornfully repeated Ethel Dryden, the last member of the trio. "I hate that word. It's like 'good-hearted.' It means everything that's flat and stale. Oat-

A POLITICAL BOMB.
When Dr. Beattie Nesbitt introduces the Autonomy Bill in the Local Legislature.

meal and prunes! That's what it means."

"I'd give anything for a bottle of olives," pensively murmured Miss Horton.

"I'd rather have a pickled cauliflower," continued Ethel. So they mourned in concert until they noticed that Mabel was silent.

"I'm thinking of something," she finally announced. "Gladys, if I get that box for you, will you let me wear your opal ring next time I go home for over Sunday?" Mabel's home was only fifteen miles away, and she was allowed to spend Sunday there once a month.

"Yes," said Gladys promptly, "I suppose you want to make someone think you're engaged. But how will you get the box?"

"Don't ask me any questions," warned her friend, "and then you won't need to tell any fibs." Mabel was a studious young person who always "got high marks" in Algebra and Biblical History; but when she set her mind to breaking rules and circumventing authority she was successful beyond any ordinary rebel. So the other girls were willing to trust to her ability, only awaiting the hour when the pickles would be theirs.

It was also a rule of the Albemarle College that the young ladies should attend "divine service" on Sunday morning, while in the evening they might remain at home if they wished. On the morning following the conference of the powers, Mabel Mills was seized with a neuralgic attack such as school-girl had never known before. She rolled her eyes in agony, bound her pretty face in red flannel, and the sympathetic governess on the hall promptly excused her from church and even offered to sit with her. At this suggestion Mabel became pathetically alarmed and assured the lady, "I wouldn't have you miss the service for anything. I'm used to these attacks and I'm always better alone."

The church-bells had hardly ceased ringing when Miss Mills, possessed of the nose of the born detective, had made the important discovery that the "box" was behind the screen in the library. Armed with a small hammer and carrying a shawl, she squeezed behind the hideous affair, which a girl who had gone to Japan as missionary had sent to "dear Dr. Bounder," and proceeded to investigate the Horton dainties. Three times she ascended the back-stairs with a shawl heavily laden, and at last was able to view with satisfaction a bed crowded with roast chicken, preserved strawberries, and other objects delightful to the school-girl eye and palate.

"How did you do it?" exclaimed with incredulous joy the other girls on their return from listening to a discourse on "Systematic Giving."

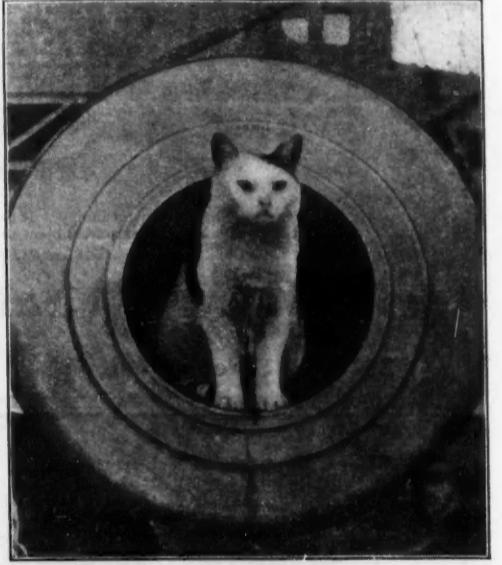
"It was easy enough," replied the victorious lady, "and when I put the nails in again, I wrapped two handkerchiefs around the hammer, so that it wouldn't be heard." Gladys and Ethel could but admire and be silent. If the diligent study of Algebra led to such ingenuity, blessed be mathematics! "We must write to your mother this afternoon and warn her not to let old Bounder know," continued Mabel.

Sunday night was a season of glorious feasting, although Room 25 did not dare to call in friends and neighbors. Mrs. Horton was somewhat bewildered on Tuesday afternoon by the receipt of a box containing sundry lumps of coal and Dr. Bounder's *Notes on the Gospels*. Two letters which arrived an hour later explained the situation. In the first, Dr. Bounder stated that he regretted "having to return Mrs. Horton's gift to her daughter; but the rules of the institution, etc." In the second letter, the occupants of Room 25 told her that she was "perfectly lovely" and the pickles were "perfectly gran l!" but she must promise never to tell the Doctor that, in spite of his care, they had revelled in food that was neither wholesome nor nourishing.

INCOR.

The Mascot of the "Vengeance."

The cat which is the mascot of the *Vengeance* was originally brought from England as a pet for the *Algerine* and went through the tropical weather of Singapore and Hong Kong, also undergoing all the rigors of a winter in North China and the Behring Sea. During her sojourn in these Arctic regions



The Mascot of H.M.S. Vengeance in a 12-inch gun.

The cat developed a great liking for raw fish, perhaps owing to the abundance in those latitudes, and after a while unless very hungry, she would eat no meat. On the pay-off of the *Algerine* at Hong Kong the cat was presented to the *Vengeance*, where she has caused great amusement by catching her own fish in a bucket of water.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

(OF THE RENUNCIATION.)

Hear is thee wring u alwas lett me ware.
Hear is ure lettur ann thee lock uv hare
u sent me wenn u promist too be troo.
becuz ure fols i sendd um back too u.
Doant rite ann ast me wi becuz uno

Wott u have dun too me thatt greves me so;
u road too skool on billie peerson's sled.
Hearaftur u wil be as iff ure dedd
Ann i wil pass u bi with skorn ann awl

mi frends will neaver speke too u a tall,
sum boize wood hate u fore a hartless flurt
Butt no, tho u have throne me in thee durt
i will nott hate u, i will lett u be
a sower ole made, ann sunday wenn u sea

Me goen bi u with a hansom wife
ule nash ure teath in pane, ann awl ure life
ule sitt ure si becuz u throu me down.
Ann ile be rich ann own most awl thee town

butt wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais
ile kum ann drop a teer on ure dedd fai.

uve broak mi hart butt thare are uther gurlz
With juust uz luvely faises, thay are purls
Beside uv ann dyen fore a sho
Too be mi awl fore thay have tolled me so.

butt u ann me are dun ann iff u kum
on benned neeze ann offered me ure gum
too choo ide waiv u skornfully aside
Ann wood nott eaven kare how much u kride.

Talk back ure lettur ann thee wring i war
fore u are dedd too me foareavmore.

J. W. FOLEY in *Life*.

"Say," remarked the fresh office boy, "I'm bettin' dat de guy wot poses as de shippin'-clerk fer dis establishment is gettin' ready to ask youse to do de love-in-de-cottage-act wid him." "Why, the ideal!" exclaimed the fluffy-haired typewriter. "Dat's right," continued the kid with a large open-faced grin. "I heerd him askin' de bookkeeper yesterdat wot salary youse wuz gittin'."

An Election Echo.

"YOU cannot beat Oliver in Alberta," said the man from the West when the hour grew late and the discussion of the clauses of the North-West Autonomy Bill became monotonous. "He has a peculiar hold on the people that is hard to understand and impossible to explain, besides the hold that the religious complexion of his constituency gives him. He cannot speak a dozen words of Cree, and yet every wandering Indian and half-breed in the North calls him 'Brother.' A staunch Protestant, unable to understand any more French than 'good-day,' and yet nearly every French Roman Catholic in Northern Alberta looks upon him as a personal friend. A strict teetotaler, with extreme personal views on the use of alcohol as a beverage, yet ninety per cent. of the reckless cow-boys of the plains of the North Saskatchewan would ride through fire and water for Frank Oliver. Still, I remember an old-time election when we were in doubt whether we could elect him."

"How was that?" asked someone anxious for the discussion to get away from the ambiguous educational clauses.

"You see, it was this way," said the Western man, comfortably settling back in his chair in the way of the land where conversation and yarn-spinning took the place of Sunday editions and magazines. "A lot of the old yellow-dog Tories from the East had come in and Oliver was an independent in the early days, and a scheme was concocted to beat him in a three-cornered fight. A popular Edmonton doctor, an out-and-out Conservative with social influence, was one of his opponents. A French half-breed leader was persuaded to be the other. With the support drawn from Oliver by the half-breed candidate, and an appeal to the hitherto slumbering Toryism of many of Oliver's more lukewarm supporters, it was believed that with active electioneering Frank would be licked. We grew scared. A three-cornered fight at the best is confusing, but when it is in a constituency the size of Western Ontario without a voters' list or a foot of railway, one-half the people able only to speak Cree, one-quarter French and the remainder English, the confusion of election calculations becomes pronounced. The dominance of Oliver as the leading political figure of the Saskatchewan was the real issue. On his prestige was affected by a defeat the people of the sparsely-settled district would divide on his party lines, and the loaves and fishes would be divided among party leaders."

"Oliver wasn't a rich man, and he had peculiar ideas any way about electioneering, and as the contest grew hotter his committee became anxious as to the essential efficacy of Oliver's trenchant appeals to the electorate, three-quarters of which didn't understand English, and a large proportion of the remaining quarter had lingering desires to support a straight Conservative."

"We soon got a fairly clear idea how the English and French-speaking vote would go. It was the distinct half-breed vote in the far-flung settlements in the far North that worried us. The money of the Tory candidate and the racial strength of the half-breed nominee were hard things to fight against on behalf of a man who wouldn't countenance bribery."

"Two days before the election a meeting of Oliver's committee was hurriedly called in Edmonton. News had come in that Lac la Biche, a French half-breed settlement nine miles away, was going dead against us. Oliver was in an other part of the constituency. There was no one in Edmonton available at the time who would have any personal influence with the erratic French half-breeds, swayed by canards that aroused their racial prejudices. The committee was mournfully debating the best means of rescuing Lac la Biche at the last hour when Aleck Kennedy, a Hudson Bay dog-runner, an ex-Canadian Voyageur, a descendant of the *coureurs d'bois* of the French régime, who had in his veins the blood of the reckless adventurers of Canada's early history, the wild



"As we saw the priceless liquor move off."

gipsy strain of the Scotch Kennedys of Galloway and the cunning instincts of the red men of the Western plains, dropped quietly into my office where the meeting was in progress. I had known Kennedy as one of the most resourceful rivermen on the Gordon Relief Expedition on the Nile, and all of us knew him as the swiftest dog-runner in the North. We asked his opinion of the situation, for we believed that the loss of Lac la Biche meant the loss of the election.

Kennedy gave one of his rare smiles and his dark, shrewd face lightened up.

"If you will get Sandy Logan to give me that two-gallon keg of Hudson Bay rum," said he quietly, "Lac la Biche will go for Oliver. The boys up there, they are nearly all cousins of mine." The Scotch half-breed was cousin to everybody in the North-West in the old days.

"We gave it to him sadly and reluctantly, for the rum was part of a store of liquor that on account of a threatened attack by the Blackfeet on Fort Edmonton half a century before had been buried by the Chief Factor and through his sudden death remained undiscovered until a few months before. Sandy Logan had found it. We had all tasted of it and age had added to its original alluring qualities. It was never broached except upon extraordinary occasions. It was something to dream about, the officer in command of the Mounted Police said. But Lac la Biche must be won. There was nothing else alcoholic and available in the Saskatchewan valley, then under a strict prohibitory liquor law, but even the devotion of the committee to the cause of Oliver couldn't prevent a heartfelt groan going up as we saw the priceless liquor, strapped to Aleck Kennedy's saddle, move off on its mission of solidifying the vote of Lac la Biche in favor of a lifelong teetotaler.

"Oliver was elected. The vote at Lac la Biche was not necessary, but Kennedy had arrived there after his day-and-night ride of ninety miles the night before the election, and the influence of the fifty-year-old rum was so immediate that the poll stood 110 for Oliver, 3 for the Conservative, and 2 for the half-breed candidate next day.

"Frank knew nothing about this, and no one except myself had any idea of the electioneering ability of Aleck Kennedy. About two days after the election, when things were quieting down, the little village of Edmonton was inundated by the wholesale immigration of the half-breed settlement of Lac la Biche, which proceeded to camp around the office of Mr. Oliver, the newly-elected member. They didn't say anything particular to Mr. Oliver beyond a guttural 'Booioo,' but gravely shook hands with him and looked eagerly expectant. After the first day or two the future Minister of the Interior began to look worried. He was tumbling up against expectant-looking dark-haired supporters in his office and composing-room, in his garden, on the street, and in his stable all with the same anxiously expectant look on their faces.

The neighbors began to object, for every Lac la Biche half-breed had half-a-dozen husky dogs with him and night was rendered hideous by the baying of the dogs of Oliver's triumphant Lac la Biche supporters. But the half-breeds preserved their traditional reticence while their black eyes looked more eagerly and inquiringly into Mr. Oliver's as he stumbled among them at his work of editing the brightest paper in the Territories.

"What in the name of everything that's representative," said Mr. Oliver with characteristic energy on the third day,

Whippet-racing—A Sport of the Working Man



Whippet-racing is a sort of workingman's coursing much in vogue in certain colliery districts of England. The dogs are specially bred and trained for speed, and a course of 200 yards is covered by the whippet in about 15 seconds.



Strictly speaking, the whippet is a cross between the Italian greyhound and a fox-terrier, but of recent years numerous kinds of short-haired dogs have been trained for the sport.

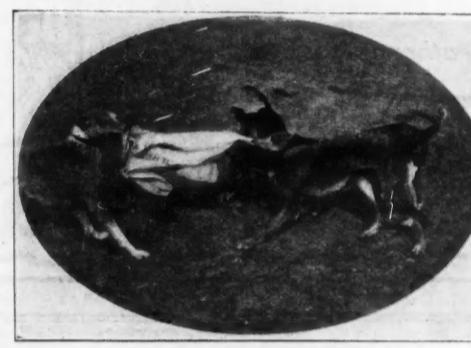


THE DOCTOR ATTENDS A SUFFERER



THE FINISH OF THE RACE

The dogs are attracted to the other end of the course by the waving of rags, which they make all haste to tear in pieces.



THE BATTLE FOR THE RAG

as the half-breed cordon about his house and office grew closer, 'do they want?'

"I sent for Aleck Kennedy.

"Well, it's just this way," said Aleck slowly, "I had only a few hours to do anything up there in Lac la Biche, and there was just a sip to go around, so I told them Frank had a whole cellar full under his office. They're just waiting around for the next drink."

LEWIS.

Lord Dufferin's Gallantry

"T. P." recalls the following entertaining anecdote of Lord Dufferin, in illustration of his ready wit: Lord Dufferin was describing to Queen Victoria the extraordinary feat of a man who, he said, had leaped twenty-one feet. Nobody believed the story. "But," said Lord Dufferin, "I myself have leaped fifteen feet." "That is as far as the end of the table is from Miss —," observed the Prince Consort, referring to an attractive young girl on Dufferin's right. "If, sir," responded Dufferin, "Miss — were on the other side, I could leap a foot farther."



THE OLD MAN OF THE SEE

Splendid Isolation of Eminent Men.

ONE and not the least of the numerous penalties attached to the holding of places of power and honor is the isolation created by the deference of society. When a man is poor and striving and is nobody in particular he is welcomed by his friends to the homes and is made one of them. He views

"The native feelings strong, the gentlest ways."

But as a man rises he finds that people recede from him just as when one climbs a mountain the landscape seems to fall away. The occupant of high station is nearly always lonely. He does not get so close to people as he did when he was younger and obscure, and it is a rare friend who can trust to give him sound advice, untainted by flattery and unbiased by an overweening desire to be agreeable. The tendency of the people in the circle about a man in exalted position is to play the courtier, and the instinct and habit of the courtier are to lie, tactfully and complimentally, in order to ingratiate himself with the ruling monarch, whoever he may be.

The boy just out of college has a dozen hospitable homes whose doors are always open to him. He is free to drop in for a meal whenever he pleases and spend the evening pleasantly in the sitting-room with the family. No one thinks of elaborating the simple dinner because he is coming. Men that have mounted high in the world look back fondly and regretfully to the evenings spent in this simple, happy way at the homes of their honest and sincere friends. Fashion and wealth may provide different and more stately and sumptuous hospitality, but there are no social pleasures equal to those derived from the unconstrained intercourse of kindred minds mutually affectionate and not self-seeking.

When a grande dame comes to the house, however, he is received on quite a different footing. An hour ahead of the usual time the children are sent up to bed. When the guest of honor arrives he is met by the adults of the family, all decked out in their best clothes and displaying their most ceremonious manners. Instead of the ordinary and sufficient meal of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert, with a moderate glass of claret, the honored guest beholds at the board a long succession of indigestible dishes and expensive wines, none of which, in nine cases out of ten, he would dare to taste. Even if his appetite for such dinners were keen, the thought of the labor and money put into it would destroy, for most men, all the gastronomic pleasures of the feast.

When a man becomes great he does not cease to be human, and the life of many eminent persons would be happier if people bore that fact in mind. The majesty that hedges about a king is a terrible affliction, for it keeps him in state of splendid but cruel isolation. The awe that simple, independent American citizens feel for a millionaire renders wealth oppressive to its possessor, for it cuts him away from kindly human intercourse on the same plane with his friends. Having power, the great man is courted for the riches or favors that he may dispense, and self-seeking corrupts and destroys friendship.

The Science of Golf.

[A certain make of field-glasses is advertised just now as suitable for golf-players, enabling them before striking to select a favorable spot for the descent of their ball.] There can be little doubt that this brilliant hint will be further developed, with some such results as those outlined in the following anticipation.]

I told Jones when he met me at the club house, it was a year or more since I had last played, so the chances were that I should be a bit below form. Besides, I was told that the standard of play had been raised —

"Raised? I should just think it has!" said Jones. "Why, a year ago, they played more skittles—not what you could properly call golf. Got your clubs? Come along, then. Queer old-fashioned things they are, too! And you're never going out without your theodolite?"

"Well," I said with considerable surprise, "the fact is, I haven't got one. What do you use it for?"

"Taking levels, of course. And—bless me, you've no inflator, or glasses—not even a wind-gauge! Shall I bring some for you?—Oh, just as you like, but you won't be put up much of a game without them."

"Does your caddie take all those things?" I asked, pointing to the curious assortment of machinery which Jones had put together.

"My caddies do," he corrected. "No one takes less than three nowadays. Good; there's only one couple, on the first tee, so we shall get away in half an hour or so."

"I should hope so!" I remarked. "Do you mean that it will be half an hour before those men have played two shots?"

"There or thereabouts. Simkins is a fast player—wonderful head for algebra that man has—so it may be a shade less. Come and watch him; then you'll see what golf is!"

And indeed I watched him with much interest. First he surveyed the country with great care through a field-glass. Then he squinted along a theodolite at a distant pole. Next he used a strange instrument which was, Jones told me, a wind-gauge, and tapped thoughtfully at a pocket-barometer. After that he produced paper and pencil, and was immersed apparently in difficult sums. Finally, he summoned one of his caddies, who carried a metal cylinder. A golf-ball was connected to this by a piece of india-rubber tubing, and a slight hissing noise was heard.

"Putting in the hydrogen," explained Jones. "Everything depends upon getting the right amount. New idea? Not very; even a year ago you must have seen pneumatic golf-balls—filled with compressed air? Well, this is only an obvious improvement. There, he's going to drive now."

And this he did, using a club unlike anything I had seen before. Then he surveyed the putting-green—about half a mile away—through his glasses, and remarked that it was a fairish shot, the ball being within three inches of the hole. His companion, who went through the same lengthy preliminaries, was less fortunate. In a tone of considerable disgust he announced that he had over-driven the hole by four hundred yards.

"Too much hydrogen," murmured Jones "or else he got his form muddled. Well we can start now. Shall I lead the way?"

I begged him to do so. He in turn surveyed the country, consulted instruments, did elaborate sums, inflated his ball.

"Now," he said, at length settling into his stance, "I'll show you."

And then he missed the ball clean.

Of course he ought not to have used such language, and yet it was a sort of relief to find something about the game which was entirely unchanged!

Not the Same.

Johnston's wife was distinctly religious, whilst Johnston's passion might be said to be literary. Now Mrs. Johnston, like a good, thoughtful wife, was always on the look-out for what would gratify her husband. Observing a newspaper announcement recently, she exclaimed, "Here, dear—just what you wanted; another lecture on—(she hesitated)—on the Inferno. You remember how you heard Professor Clark on the subject."

"What! Does Professor Clark lecture on the *Inferno*?"

"No; but 'Mr Newell will lecture on Hell in the Walmer Road Church to-night,'—that's what it says."

"Oh, is that all?"

Which goes to show that there's a distinction and a difference between the two places in the literary mind.

So It Is

Mr. Quibbles had just engaged a new office-boy. He was a raw-looking youth; but Mr. Quibbles prefers them that way; they aren't such an anxiety as the smart brand. One of Maddock's first tasks was to copy a letter, and, as is the custom in lawyers' offices, the letter and copy were read over together. "Dear Sir," read Maddock, "I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th ult. —" "Maddock," interrupted Mr. Quibbles, "what does 'ult.' mean?" For a moment an expression that was absolutely blank overspread the features of the new youth; then it cleared, and a smile of conscious knowledge took its place. "Please, sir," he said, "it's what they say to the soldiers when they want 'em to stop!"

"Is it true, pa, that storks can fly one hundred miles an hour?" "Well, not in Utah; they have too many stops to make."

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are nearly all in stock and embrace as usual many lines not to be found elsewhere. There is also as usual a distinction about the designs which evidences careful and capable selection. There is no haphazard about this. Our own high-class decorative work gives us an advantage in the selection of our designs, which we share with our customers. A very choice range of soft greys and browns will be found in this year's stock and at all prices. A visit to our show rooms will prove a revelation to those seeking really artistic interior decorations or request for samples will bring an attractive selection.

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China Missions.

No wonder that China is a little confused as to the real inwardness of Western Christianity. At the Free Church Council in Manchester lately, Rev. Dr. Charles Wenyon pointed out the hindrance caused by the sects tumbling over one another. In Canton alone could be found (quite apart from Roman Catholic and Church of England missions) Congregationalists of the London Mission and of the American Board, Wesleyan Methodists, American Methodists, Close Communion Baptists, American Presbyterians, Lutherans of the Basle Society, Lutherans of the Berlin Society, United Brethren, Episcopalian, each with their own little place of worship, their own hymn-book, and in some cases their own version of the Bible. Now what appeal can these contending voices make to the shrewd Chinaman who is invited to become a Christian? "Agree among yourselves before you come to make proselytes of us" is the common taunt. And Dr. Wenyon's suggestion is that the mission should agree to be known as "The Church of Jesus Christ in China." We are not likely to make much progress with missionary enterprise until we have agreed to present the real essentials of the Christian religion, and then permit the converts, or their grandchildren, to select the trimmings that appeal to them.

His Opinion.

He—Yes, I'm reading the book. *She*—Can't you guess how it will end. *He*—No, but it is consoling to know that it will.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

T is sometimes heartsome and well worth while to take out some of life's bugbears, skeletons, hoodoos and mirages and look at them with good glasses. We have imbibed or had lain upon us certain doleful and pernicious ideas, from the early years when we were unsuspecting and receptive, and we have walked in their shadow, until some bright blessed day, an inspiration has entered our lives to question, to dissect, to reject, and so free ourselves from their yoke. Now take the very common yowl of humanity against hard work. You will, if you are in a similar position to mine, be told a thousand times every year, by a thousand well-meaning and good-hearted friends, that you "shouldn't work so hard," shouldn't "do too much," and if you give any of them a quarter of a chance you will overhear yourself pitted as having to "work so hard." What's the matter with hard work, anyway? Just the old mistaken hoodoo that the old allegory of Eden imposed, all unintentionally, upon a purblind world. Hard work isn't a misfortune, it's the spirit of rebellion against it, under the notion that it is a punishment, that makes it distasteful. The healthy mind and the healthy body enjoy hard work, the peevish mind and the resentful spirit gird at it, wasting energy thus which should be making the work a joy, and energizing that useful lower machine of bone and muscle until it really can't act half decently in working hours. As one said in some stray paragraph I caught sight of one day, "The expression 'in the sweat of thy brow' never meant to include 'in the sorrow of thy soul,'"—though that's the way it often looks. Therefore has arisen a world full of howlers who never weary of their dirge against anyone doing anything strenuous as if they really enjoyed it. Don't listen to them, don't argue with them. Lay hold of your own task with enthusiasm and devotion and zeal, and you'll enjoy it, spite of all the lazy vocalism of those who know not the beauty of work for work's sake, nor the sweetness of honest rest honestly earned. Work thus done needs no praise of men, the worker doesn't need the applause, his whole great soul is filled with a guerdon the *claqueurs* could not understand. It is a real entering into the joy of the Lord at the finish of a bit of real hard work, no matter how humble in the sight of the world. There was a very old man whom I heard once singing a quaint, cracked tune as he did a bit of crossing-sweeping. "You are having a good time?" I asked him laughingly. "A fine time, indeed," he said with a swoop of his bosom after a stray bit of dirt. "And I don't think I could better that," and he pointed across the very clean path. Again, I sat very quiet beside a very great man, listening to his account of a very great work. "It is finished," he said with a grave smile; "and I don't think there's a poor inch of stone or a false curve or a flaw or fault in it," and the great engineer and the crossing-sweeper stand side by side in my mind, each had done his work perfectly, and who shall judge which was great and which greater? Yet I've no doubt there were thousands of lesser souls who shirked warnings and prophecies of failure and all sorts of hoodoos at the daring engineer, and you know very well that the world is crammed with folk who would commiserate the crossing-sweeper. And he, humming his little tune, and the other smiling his grave smile, and I observing, and God grant you reading, know who is right!

wouldn't be missed from your and my purse would do incalculable good to them. Dr. Grenfell told some stories which I knew to have occurred, of which I have met the *dramatis personae*, and here and there these stories were so delightfully funny that the lurchers went into gales of mirth over them. If all the speakers at the Canadian Club succeeded in raising as good a laugh as he did, the club's digestion must be perfect. And when he said he'd welcome an Episcopalian or any other "alien" that came to help him, the laughter was long and loud. And heard you ever a true story to beat the tale of the artificial leg, for which he asked in a certain church, and which was sent to him by Rev. Mr. Davis, who said that it had been worn by a Baptist, then by a Methodist, the sender being a Congregationalist. Dr. Grenfell, being a Church of England man, screwed the leg upon the wife of a Roman Catholic, who gallantly stumps the Labrador with it to this day. As the various religions were mentioned, one parable and shouted with laughter once more. "I am a magistrate," said Dr. Grenfell, with that inimitable twinkle in his keen blue-green eyes, "but I don't know anything about law. We have no law, only equity, on the Labrador." The case he gave to illustrate this finally broke the record for a mirth-invoker. A poor man had become possessed of a cow. His neighbor's dogs (those villainous huskies!) killed the *rara avis* and the magistrate decided that a Solomon's judgment should be made, the owner of the dogs being sold half of the cow at a price of ten dollars. When the magistrate next came in touch with the defendant, the latter had cut up his half of the cow, made twelve dollars in sales, some of them to the doctor's own ship's-cook, and had a good steak left for himself. But there was lots of serious talk in that interesting smoky half-hour, and the frank, straightforward, English gentleman stated the needs of the fishermen and poor folk of the Labrador so strongly and so convincingly that it is plainly up to the members of the Canadian Club to do something handsome for them. From a fortnight's experience I can assure any who read this paragraph that no more worthy work is doing on earth at this hour than that which Dr. Grenfell so simply calls "living our Christianity." Let him have what help we can give to make it more and more helpful and effective!

LADY GAY.

Counterfeiting Antiques.

A CURIOUS but thriving industry in Europe is the manufacture of "antiques." Counterfeits, made with supreme skill, are offered for sale to rich and ignorant collectors at very high prices, and it happens not infrequently that even experts are fooled by the clever forgeries. The celebrated case of the so-called tiara of Saitarpahnes is fresh in memory. It was purchased and exhibited by the managers of the Louvre as the genuine crown of Saitarpahnes, who was King of Scythia about 200 B.C. The seller pretended that he had obtained it from Greek peasants who had accidentally unearthed it. Some question of the authenticity of the tiara was raised, and M. Clermont-Ganneau, the expert to whom the Government referred the matter, demonstrated that it was a counterfeit, and, at that, not particularly ingenious. Yet the curators of the Louvre had been deceived by the fabrication.

Of course, when an "antique" is valued chiefly as a source of historical information and not so much as a work of art, proof that it is spurious destroys nearly all its value. The tiara of Saitarpahnes was important as an example of the handicraft of the period in which it was supposed to have been wrought. As a forgery it was worth only the market price of the material. So with the innumerable "antique" potteries, suits of armor, weapons and other articles which are manufactured extensively in France, Palestine and other countries where plucking the English and American tourist is looked upon as a legitimate business. Comparatively few of the counterfeiters attempt to cheat the experts employed by museums, although there are numerous cases of successful frauds on the experts, and there is no telling how many spurious pieces are now on exhibition in museums and never will be exposed. Time sanctifies a counterfeit "antique" as it sanctifies many other frauds, and the presumption of genuineness, after a number of years, becomes almost conclusive. The parvenu, professing a love for "the antique," is, however, the principal customer of the counterfeiters, who sell him medieval furniture fresh from the factory and with appropriate legends attached and guaranteed veracious; old masters done by poor students in the Latin Quarter of Paris; ancestral armor from the shop of some clever modern tinsmith and other such costly evidences of taste and wealth.

When an article is valued rather for its inherent beauty than for its antiquity it is hard to see what difference it makes whether the work be ancient or modern. The museum at Florence in 1860 bought for \$8,000 a beautiful bust of Savoronara which was pronounced a masterpiece of sixteenth century work. Seven years later the Louvre paid a large price for a marble bust which was prized so highly that it was placed in the same room with one of Michael Angelo's greatest pieces. A year later an Italian sculptor, a Florentine peasant named Bastianini, on his deathbed, confessed himself the author of both the bust at Florence and the one in the Louvre. He had made them to order for an unscrupulous dealer who, observing talent in him, had paid him a small sum for the work and had neatly cheated the museums. Bastianini made a great number of smaller "antiques" for the same dealer. But was his work the less meritorious because it happened to be modern? If it was fit to be placed beside Michael Angelo's, did it become less fit when the experts discovered that they were mistaken about the date?

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Odd Discovery of a First Folio.

THE original Bodleian copy of the Shakespearean First Folio has been discovered within the last few weeks through the intervention of an Oxford undergraduate who brought with him a cherished family possession when returning to Magdalen from the Christmas vacation, in this way bridging over a period of almost two hundred and fifty years. By an agreement made between Sir Thomas Bodley and the London Stationers' Company in 1611 the company were to present to the Bodleian one perfect copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall; this understanding was fairly well carried out down as far as the Civil War. The First Folio, apparently in due course, was forwarded to the Bodleian, since on February 17, 1623, it was sent to be bound with a number of other books, was returned later, of catalogued

and chained according to rule. But after 1674 the only copy of note in the library was the Third Folio. It was not until 1821 that the Bodleian again possessed a copy of the First Folio, obtained from the Malone collection. On January 23 last, a copy of the First Folio was brought up to Oxford by Mr. G. M. R. Turbatt, of Magdalen, son of Mr. W. G. Turbatt, of Ogston Hall, in Derbyshire, in the possession of whose family it had been for one hundred and fifty years. Within ten minutes of its arrival at the library the volume was recognized by Mr. Strickland Gibson, the authority on Oxford bindings, as the original Bodleian copy; and on its comparison with other volumes sent for binding on the same day the identification was complete. The only plausible theory advanced for its disappearance from the Bodleian is to be found in an item for September, 1664, setting forth that the library had received from Mr.

R. Davis, an Oxford bookseller, the sum of £24 for superfluous books sold by order of the curators.

The Bodleian First Folio has a dark brown binding with a small amount of plain blind tooling on the sides and back. It is one of two or three copies still in the original boards and is entirely unprinted although the covers are damaged. The sewing is still sound; several of the leaves have been strengthened by coarse paper; but the text is entirely preserved. The signs of wear and tear in the book show which of Shakespeare's plays were most read by Oxford students between 1624 and 1664. The plays were *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar*, followed by *Macbeth*, and the first part of *Henry IV*, then *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Merchant of Venice*. With the exception of *Henry IV* the histories were least read.

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Poe and Reid.

WHEN a boy in my teens I frequently dined at the same table with the distinguished poet and critic, Edgar Allan Poe. He was on the staff of a literary journal published in Philadelphia called the *Saturday Museum*, owned and edited by my uncle, Mr. Cottrel Clarke. Poe supplied the book reviews and occasional essays, and I often heard my uncle expostulate with him on his needless severity in reviewing. His favorite expression was: "I have scalped him," referring to the author under examination, when the critic would protest that there were few books by American writers in those days that merited praise. He excepted Washington Irving and Fennimore Cooper. "Feeble puffing is not my forte," Poe would say. "It will do these fellows good to the truth, and spur them on to wortlier efforts. American literature, at present is too diffuse, patchy, elementary. Most of the books are invertebrate imitations of the English and French—" and he would proceed with his rasping analysis.

In one respect Poe was conscientious. He really read the books he was called on to review. He did not follow the quaint dictum of Douglas Jerrold about cutting the leaves of a book, smelling the paper-knife, and then knocking off a notice.

Poe was a voracious reader in early life, and burnt a deal of midnight oil. He possessed an exhaustive knowledge of French, Italian and Spanish literature. He only knew German work through translations, and he thought the language harsh and cacophonous. He could quote entire passages from Tasso and Dante, Byron and Shelley, and he seemed to have the Bible and Koran at his fingers' ends.

Considering that he was himself a poet, it seems singular that in his reviews he was so hard on the young poets of his time. One of the satirists wrote of him:

"Iambic Poe, of tyro bards the terror,
Ego is he—the world his pocket mirror."

Poe was no match for his friend in these literary discussions, and Poe, right or wrong, usually silenced his opponent, who, perhaps to maintain peace, affected to agree.

"Now, Reid," Poe would say when he had worried his antagonist sufficiently, "give us one of your Mexican adventures and keep as near the truth as you can." Poe frequently expressed the opinion that Reid was "a picturesque liar." He fibs on a surprising, daring scale," he added, "but with the finish of an artist, and that's why I listen to him attentively."

"Tis a well-bred, gentlemanly poet, If he feels thinking, never lets us know it; He sees Niagara and says, 'I declare!' Applauds a thunderstorm with 'Very fair!' He doesn't quite approve of ocean's roar, And speaks of earthquakes only as a bore."

Poe entertained a high regard for Longfellow, and predicted that the late James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes—both of whom in the Poe period had written only fugitive pieces in the magazines—would rise to distinction. His forecast was splendidly realized.

Poe admired Bulwer Lytton, and one day at dinner at my uncle's table he remarked that "Bulwer was rarely lucid and seldom profound. His intellect is comprehensive rather than penetrative, but his taste is exquisite." He went on to say that he had the keenest appreciation of the beautiful and the true, and that his works were by no means so immoral as some reviewers would have it appear. *Ernest Maltravers* was just then being extensively read and discussed, and I assume that Poe's remarks pointed to this particular romance. I clearly remember it was a fascinating favorite among the women folk of the period on both sides of the Atlantic, especially among emotional, sentimental girls who raved over Lord Byron and hid *Don Juan* under their pillows when their mothers approached.

The Kremlin is an enormous fortress, and for a thousand years has sheltered the throne and the treasures of the Russian Empire. It stands upon an eminence, a city within a city, washed on three sides by the River Volga, and enclosed by a wall nearly a mile and a half long. The Kremlin is not only the legal capital of the empire, the location of the throne and the residence of the Czar, but is also the headquarters of the Orthodox Greek Church. In the treasury the thrones, crowns, sceptres, coronation robes, state carriages, table-plate, jewelled ornaments and other reliques of the house of Romanoff are preserved. According to ancient custom, every ruler of Russia, until recent years, has had his own crown and throne and sceptre, and each has endeavored to surpass his predecessors in taste and extravagance.

The palace in the Kremlin is always kept in readiness for its imperial tenant, and he spends a few weeks there at intervals each year, in order to gratify his loyal subjects in the holy city—"Our Mother Moscow." In some respects it is the finest residence of all the sovereigns of Europe.

There are numerous State apartments, finished and furnished with barbaric splendor five or six hundred years ago, much gold and silver and many precious stones having been used. Gold was once so plentiful in Russia that it was spread over the walls of palaces, jewels were as ornaments in doors.

The throne of Ivan the Terrible, for example, is made of solid silver, ornamented with gold and thickly studded with gems. His robe of state, which is still on exhibition, was described by a writer of the fifteenth century as "seeming to be one sheet of diamonds, while his neck-collar, the bands of his sleeves, and the train that he drew behind him were within of sable and without of uniform pearls, like large drops of water, of the purest whiteness, each being of the value of a male slave."

The revolutionaries declare that there is in the Kremlin enough useless treasure to pay the debt of Russia; and in the churches and palaces enough gold and jewels to build a schoolhouse in every village and give an education to every child in the empire.

Fashions move in circles and you have only to get far enough behind to be in the lead.

"No doubt—but they were penny ones," was Poe's satiric retort.

One night Bulwer Lytton was on the tapis. Poe had just been reading *Zanoni*, and though, as I have said, he admired the English novelist in many respects, this Rosicrucian romance did not capture his fancy. Mayne Reid, who had also read it, pronounced it a Titanic conflict between the intellect and the heart.

"It should have been put forth as a poem, as a mystery, or the Lord knows what," remarked Poe. "A novel in the true acceptance of the name is a picture of actual life. The plot may be involved, but it should not transcend probability."

"All the agencies introduced should belong to real life," continued Poe. "Such were *Gil Blas* and *Tony Jones*, two of the most entertaining novels ever written. When authors cease to paint real life they cease to be novelists. The tales may be good of their kind, but they are not novels. Judged by this standard, *Zanoni* is not a novel. There are some episodes of actual life in it, but to depict society as it was only collateral to the chief aim of the work."

In those days Mayne Reid had not won his spurs as a romantic writer of adventure. Beyond a few short magazine and newspaper tales he had published nothing of importance, so he listened with profound attention to the words of the critic.

"You must own, with all his merits," pursued Poe, "that Bulwer Lytton is often bombastic, and strains for effects. His allegories are as abundant as Sancho Panza's pravers or the ailments of a malade imaginaire. Through every line of *Zanoni* the author looks out eagerly, like *Snug the Joiner*, to tell you he is there."

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"Now, Reid," Poe would say when he had worried his antagonist sufficiently, "give us one of your Mexican adventures and keep as near the truth as you can." Poe frequently expressed the opinion that Reid was "a picturesque liar." "He fibs on a surprising, daring scale," he added, "but with the finish of an artist, and that's why I listen to him attentively."

I remember years after my boyhood when I met Alexander Dumas père in Paris, in speaking of Reid, he uttered almost the same words. The author of *Monte Cristo* was surely a capable judge of exaggeration, as all traveled readers of the pages of the delightful old pagan know full well. Dumas invented many stories about himself, and repeated them so often that he grew to believe that the incidents had really occurred. Leon Gozlan, who was one of his closest friends and fellow workers, assured me that he in one night over a bottle of Burgundy invented in hot haste a short story for his journal, *Le Mousquetaire*. Some time after the old romancer told Gozlan the identical story as a personal experience, quite forgetting that the man he was addressing had himself contrived the outline of what plot it contained.

Mayne Reid was tarred with the same brush. I heard him relate with circumstantial detail that he had just returned to Philadelphia (where I resided) from fighting the Indians out West on the plains, when I happened to know that he had been boarding quietly at a farmhouse in New Jersey, where he retired to recruit his health and to work at a romance entitled *The Beautiful Creole: A Tale of the Crescent City*, which was published in my uncle's periodical.

To return to Poe, he had a strong fancy for chirography, and was virtually of the opinion that an analogy frequently existed between a man's character and his handwriting. Next to being held in the flesh a distinguished man of letters, he desired to see his portrait, and next to his portrait his autobiography. He said that in the latter there was something which seemed to bring out the individual in his true idiosyncrasy—in his character as a scribe. He collected autographs of many literary men, artists, dramatists and actors, and in *Graham's Magazine*, published at the period of which I write, he published a score of entertaining thumbnail sketches on the subject, accompanied by facsimiles of the autographs of noted men and women of the day.

Poe's analytic mind disclosed itself in his explorations of secret writing. He spent days in examining examples of cryptography which he maintained was invented by the Spartans. He asserted that human ingenuity could not concoct a cipher which human ingenuity could not unravel.

In personal appearance Poe was a slight, delicate-looking man with a striking, well-developed head, which at a glance seemed out of proportion to his slender body. His features were regular, his complexion pale, his eyes luminous, and when excited peculiarly vivid and penetrating. He dressed with neatness, and there was a suggestion of hauteur in his manner toward strangers.

He was impudent of restraint or contradiction, and when his Southern blood "was up" as the saying goes, he could be cuttingly rude and bitterly sarcastic. I only knew one man on the Philadelphia press who could cross blades with him without protest; Dr. Johnson, La Bruyère and Southeby in support of his theory.

Poe's particular *bête noire* at that time was Samuel Warren, the novelist whose *Ten Thousand a Year* was just then in vogue. Poe cut it up unmercifully, saying that the whole tone of the story was in the last degree tedious, mawkish and inflated.

"But it was heralded with a flourish of trumpets," pleaded Mayne Reid, who defended Warren.

In its way the play was good enough, but it wanted pruning very badly, and it was half over. At this time the scene "discovered" was bed-room, and after a long wait one of the characters entered clad in a dressing-gown, carrying a candle, and began relating his family history to the audience. He had got as far as the dramatic period when his mother exchanged him for the earl's child for two thousand pounds and a box of chocolate creams, when twelve o'clock boomed out from an adjacent church. He set his candle down and continued his soliloquy, and then came the inevitable "voice from the gallery." "I hope we ain't keeping you up, sir?" it said.



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Anecdotal

Winston Churchill, the novelist, was talking about awkward and unusual forms of expression. "The other day," he said, "I heard of an undertaker's speech that seemed to me extremely awkward and unusual. It was at a funeral, a funeral in a private house, and the officiating clergyman was just about to begin his address, when the undertaker tipped up to him, and said in a hoarse whisper: 'Excuse me, doctor, but the corpse's brother wishes to speak to you.'"

"Supposing you wait here in this comfortable seat by the elevator while I match these two samples of ribbon," said Mrs. Mayfair sweetly to her husband, who had been entrapped into going shopping with her. When she came back she said contritely: "Have I kept you waiting an ungodly long time, you poor dear?" "Oh, I haven't minded it," he said cheerfully. "I just jumped onto a car and ran out to the league grounds and saw most of the ball game, and then I took a little spin in the park with Dorton in his new auto. Did you match the samples?" "One of them. It's so provoking. I'll have to come in again to-morrow, for they're closing the store now."

Adrian Fairley, the noted portrait painter, was talking in his New York studio about delicacy. "I was very poor in my youth," he said, "but despite my poverty, I always managed to be delicate, tactful and polite. I often had to put off creditors. I often had to do many other disagreeable things, but I always did them in a delicate way. Once, for instance, I ordered a 5-cent plate of soup in a Bowery restaurant. When the waitress brought this soup to me, its condition was such that I felt called upon to rebuke her. I couched my rebuke in delicate terms. 'Emma,' I said, taking something out of the soup and holding it up before the girl, 'I am grateful to you for this remembrance, but next time kindly give it to me in a locket.'"

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, speaking of the conceit that a little success is apt to engender in young artists, remarked to a friend: "My father used to tell the story of a young English nobleman who took to painting. He did passable work, got innumerable commissions from millionaire tradesmen, and became, it was said, quite popular. One day he insisted on driving my father to his studio to look at some of his work. 'Here are two of my latest paintings,' he said, pointing them out upon their arrival. 'They are entirely different in subject and treatment, but I am sure you will like them both. One is a portrait of my uncle, copied from an old-fashioned photograph. The other is a painting of my grandmother doing some needlework.' My father for a moment looked carefully at each painting and then said: 'Which one did you say was your uncle?'

J. Sloat Fasset, at a dinner of the Steinlen Society in New York, compared the unsuccessful campaign of a certain candidate to the unsuccessful efforts of a young oarsman. "He failed through no fault of his own," he said, "and this oarsman failed through no fault of his own. The oarsman was rowing a young girl on a deep, still river. It was a beautiful day, but perhaps a little warm. The young man pulled and pulled, but he was going up stream, and he made little headway. So he pulled the harder, at the same time trying to appear easy, and to carry on a fluent conversation with his companion. Finally, however, he became desperate, for though he was working like a steam-engine, he was not gaining an inch. At this rate, it would be better to get out and walk home. I never saw anything like this current," he gasped. "Here I've been rowing my hardest for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot." Ten or twelve minutes more went by, and then the young girl said: "Oh, by the way,

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I've just thought of something. While I was playing with the anchor awhile ago, it dropped overboard. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?"

Lewis Boss, director of the Dudley Observatory, whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London recently honored with a gold medal, was talking the other day about astronomical errors. "Astronomical errors," Mr. Boss concluded, "place astronomers in embarrassing positions. Embarrassment, however, is the usual result of errors, isn't it? Did I ever tell you about the millionaire twins?" "No, never." "Well, I used to know two twins, two millionaire twins. They looked a good deal alike. One, though, had a very large nose. The other was deaf. These twins attended a dinner-party one night. The twin with the large nose sat beside a very pretty girl, and she, for some reason, got him confused with his brother. She thought that he was deaf, and she talked to him at the very top of her clear, sweet voice. Naturally, he was rather annoyed. But she was such a pretty girl that he got very tender of her feelings. He feared if he told her of her error it might embarrass her. So he said nothing. From the oysters on down to the salad he permitted himself to be shouted at like a man in a distant boat. Finally, though, he forgot his gracious, his sentimental solicitude. For the girl shrieked at the top of her lungs to him, "It has been a beautiful day, hasn't it?" And then, turning to her left-hand neighbor, she said in her usual voice, "Did you ever see such a nose in your life?" Involuntarily the millionaire's hand went up to his nose, and he stroked it. Then he said to the young woman: "Pardon me; it is my brother who is deaf."

An American lady went into a French hair-dresser's establishment in Berlin to get a shampoo. The proprietor was a tall, thin man, with all the grace and suavity of a dancing-master. He came forward in haste as the door opened. "Ah, Madame wishes a treatment for the scalp. *Oui, yes*," said he, bowing low with a mode sweep of the hand. "Yes, and I have my own notions about how it should be done," replied the lady, glancing doubtfully about the room, as if she felt that she was putting herself into the hands of irresponsible strangers. "Where do you keep your preparations, sir?" "Ah, ze ingredients—they are here, Madame," said the artist, leading the way to a marble slab affixed to the wall at the back of the room, upon which there stood a long line of bottles and jars. The lady recognized many of the preparations and thus regained much of her assurance. "Is Madame ready?" asked the proprietor. "No, wait if you please. First, I want some of that," she said, pointing to a bottle. The hairdresser nodded. "It ees my pleasure, Madame." "And then you may rub in some of that. She pointed to a jar of a familiar lotion. "Oui, zat will be excellent, Madame." "Then a good rubbing with that," she went on, indicating an open bowl which contained a thin brown liquid. "Mais, non!" cried the woman. "Madame does not wish it!" "Yes, I do!" replied the lady sharply. "But, Madame—" "Do as I say, if you please," she interrupted in a vexed tone. The proprietor shrugged his shoulders, but he did as he was bid. Everything went well except that the brown liquid did not smell just as she had expected, and produced a curious sensation of warmth as it was applied. "Wasn't that brown liquid a shampoo mixture?" she asked with a growing doubt as he finished. "Non, Madame," he replied politely; "I put it on because Madame insists. But you see I was eating—what you call it?—lunch when Madame came. Zis bowl contained my soup, Madame!"

The Wire in War

Twenty years ago one's youth always saw the battle through the eyes of the galloping aide-de-camp. One followed him from that little clump of trees which marked the general's headquarters out into the field, down the little valley, into the white, rolling smoke beyond which lay the battle between the — corps and the — division of the enemy. Imagination had a few lapses, possibly during the journey, and then leaped on, and one was with the commander of the — corps in the thick of the fight, and above the roar of musketry—the dull, sullen boom of the field-pieces—one heard the sound of a galloping horse. One always looked up and saw the foam-flecked steed pluming wildly on, and the aide-camp, begrimed, bloody, grim, waving the orders above his head. It was fine, even in a wood-cut. But one regrets to observe that the present conflict between Russia and Japan is unmarked by any of these valorous deeds. So far as is known no aides-de-camp have fallen dead at Oyama's feet with their messages barely delivered. The galloping horse of the wounded messenger has been omitted. Instead, Marshal Oyama pokes his finger into a bell button and calls an orderly. "Be good enough to ring up War 655 and tell Colonel Fujiyama that he is to keep on fighting, for General Hiroshima's brigade is coming. Ring up March 3407 and tell General Hiroshima that he must relieve Colonel Fujiyama at 9:43, and I shall expect the Russians to begin to retreat at 10:07." Having delivered this order, Field Marshal Oyama will pick up a knee-telephone and listen to the reports of all his commanders within the range of one hundred miles.

It is the wire that rules destinies nowadays. In olden times discreet ancestors, disliking to be continually asked questions for which the answer was not known, stated with the utmost dogmatism that curiosity in one instance resulted in the decease of a cat. But in this hour when we know of Kropotkin's defeat as soon as does his Czar, we have had to the adage of our fathers the comforting assurance that information brought the cat to life again. The only questions left unanswered are those pertaining to humanity. There is no wire in the human heart. But the old, loved, adored aide-de-camp knew the way there.

The Most Philanthropic Woman in the World

How Baroness Burdett-Coutts Has Dispensed Her Wealth.

A PROPOS of the ninetieth birthday of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which occurred yesterday, *The Tatler* of London, Eng., gives the following interesting sketch of her benevolent career:

The history of this greatly-loved and noble woman might almost be said to be without parallel in the annals of the world. For the past seventy years she has devoted herself untiringly to the distribution of an enormous fortune for the benefit of the poor, and her efforts to relieve the necessities and alleviate the sorrows of humanity during the time have made her almost without exception the most popular and honored woman in the British Isles.

It would be impossible to say how much the baroness' benefactions have amounted to since she inherited, at the age of twenty-three, the vast fortune of £1,800,000 from her grandfather, Thomas Coutts, the banker, for although the baroness has dispensed her wealth with the lavishness of an Indian nabob, her charitable deeds have been done in so quiet and unostentatious a manner that the public have probably never fully realized the true extent of her benefactions.

Charity and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts have always gone hand in hand, and every good society, every charitable

rise from the poverty and famine which had made their lives scarcely worth living.

One of the latest philanthropic schemes in which the baroness interested herself was the providing of accommodation for the wives and children of soldiers when troops are moving from one station to another. A house was taken at the beginning of last year near Waterloo Station and accommodation found for about thirty women and children, meals being provided at cost price. Great inconvenience and even hardship is often experienced by the married women during the time the regiments are changing quarters, and the Coutts home has proved a great boon and blessing.

It was on account of her good deeds that Queen Victoria in 1871 created Miss Burdett-Coutts, as she was then, a baroness in her own right. Thirteen months afterwards the baroness was admitted to the freedom of the City of London, being the first of her sex to receive that honor. As most readers are doubtless aware, marriage came to her late in life, for it was not until she was within two months of her sixty-seventh birthday that she astounded the world by marrying Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who had acted as administrator of her Turkish Com-



The Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

scheme, and every devoted cause has in her a certain financial helper. One of her first most notable philanthropic works was that of relieving the poor of the East End years before the authorities were alive to the necessity of doing so. In company with Charles Dickens, who, being familiar with every phase of life in London's squalid East End, was admirably fitted to be her chief adviser, the baroness visited some of the worst slums in London, and as a result of these visits turned many of the foul dens into model tenement houses. She was really the pioneer of the model dwellings in London, and it is estimated that she has given something like half a million of money for the furtherance of housing schemes for London's poor alone.

A lasting monument to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' early work in the East End stands to-day in the block of model dwellings known as Columbia Square, Columbia Market, which stands close by—a splendidly-built and well-equipped range of buildings—was also founded by the baroness. Its life of usefulness was brief, however, and the Columbia Market now lies idle and neglected, being the only scheme which did not prove a success.

To the baroness Londoners owe the beautiful Church of St. Stephen's at Westminster with its three schools and parsonage, on which she spent £100,000. At an outlay of £50,000 the baroness also endowed the three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, and afterwards built a church at Carlisle. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 she organized the Turkish Compassionate Fund to help the peasantry, the outcome of which was that a sum of £30,000 was raised and sent to Turkey to assist those who were driven from house to house by the Russian soldiery. This noble effort on the part of the baroness saved thousands from dying by the roadside from want of food, and in recognition of the magnificent service she rendered to his subjects the Sultan conferred upon her the Order of the Medjidie. Afterwards the baroness offered the Government of this country a quarter of a million of money for the benefit of the destitute Irish.

To enumerate more than a few of the charitable actions of the baroness, however, is an impossibility. Her benefactions—religious, industrial, and charitable—have been legion. She has contributed vast sums towards building new churches and schools throughout the country until it would seem almost that her vast fortune was regarded by the baroness simply as a trust fund to be used for the benefit of humanity.

In alleviating the distress of humanity she is always first and foremost. When the weavers were absolutely starving for want of work it was the baroness who came forward as the principal supporter of an association which had been formed for the relief of the sufferers. Some of the weavers were started in small businesses, younger ones were trained for useful employment, and a sewing school was also opened at which women of all ages were received. She has always closely identified herself with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Destitute Children's Diner.

Probably the most successful of Baroness Burdett-Coutts' benevolent projects, and one which endeared her to the hearts of Irishmen for evermore, was her assistance of the Skibbereen fishermen when poverty and famine stalked amongst them in the sixties. The attention of the baroness being called to their distress, she sent them a splendid donation, and afterwards advanced the fishermen money in order that they might obtain good boats and thus enable them to compete with their more prosperous brethren. Altogether she advanced them £10,000, which enabled the fishermen to

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OVE, pity and renunciation, these are the basic elements of Richard Wagner's sacred dedicational festival music-drama, *Parsifal*, which Mr. Henry W. Savage will offer in English at the Princess Theater for three evenings, commencing next Monday, April 24, with a matinée on Wednesday. The story shows the evil result of sin and bodily impurity and how the sinner may be redeemed through the pity of another, who has resisted temptation and come to that pity by knowledge of what the sin is. While parts of the music-drama are symbolic of some of the most solemn events in the life of our Lord, they are, so to say, merely illustrative of the moral Wagner has sought to enforce. Contrary to the belief of many, *Parsifal* is not Christ, nor is he in the least symbolic of Him. *Parsifal* is a mythical hero, enveloped in a mystic atmosphere, better than his fellows, yet at no time has Wagner sought to make him the perfect man. He is symbolic of purity and renunciation, as Amfortas, the erring King of the Grail, is symbolic of sensuality. In the words of Mr. William J. Henderson in his *Life of Wagner*, Wagner has pushed to the front all the most beautiful elements and has accentuated the Christianity of the old tale of the quest, on which the music-drama is founded. "He has preached a sermon on the necessity of personal purity in the service of God, on the beauties of renunciation of sensual delights, on the depth of the curse of self-indulgence, and on the nature of repentance. But let it not be supposed that the influence of *Parsifal* rests wholly on the ethical truths contained in it. Its real power is in Wagner's perception of the emotional force of the action of certain ethical ideas upon human nature. By centralizing the action of his drama on these emotions, he has put before us a tremendous play of the inner life of man's soul, when struggling with its most formidable enemy, but it is one for the same reason that the Prometheus of Aeschylus was. Its moving power lies in its grasp on the secret of every man and woman, who goes to witness its performance."

The production, in a measure, means the bringing of Bayreuth to Toronto, and in the only form artistically possible. *Parsifal* of all the great music-dramas that were the outgrowth of Wagner's genius, demands that the audience understand the words it contains. Opera of any kind in a foreign language is an anomaly. Even in the older works of the Italian school inability to understand the language in which they are sung, is a serious drawback to the pleasures of the hearer. In Wagner's works, where the words and music are so closely welded together, a good half is lost when the auditor is compelled to listen to performances in a tongue he does not understand. *Parsifal* is more than an opera. It is a music-drama, which embodies the profoundest beliefs of the Christian religion and sets them forth with a mystic beauty which music alone can give. It is a drama which depicts in most poignant fashion the development of a soul. It is a "type" drama. *Parsifal*, "the Guileless Fool," to whom pity comes by knowledge of suffering, is not a dramatic or operatic hero in the ordinary sense of the word. He symbolizes man in his constant and racking struggle with the evil forces of the world. The beauty of the music, of the exquisite stage pictures, and of the succession of ecstatic incidents, can be fully realized only with a full understanding of the dramatic motives that lie behind them. The corner-stone of Wagner's creation is that the audience understands the words as well as hears the music, and sees the action too. Wagner, the poet, was second only to Wagner the composer.

In *Parsifal* we get a new and beautiful interpretation of Good Friday. It is new, because the old legend on which it was founded had almost disappeared when Wagner discovered it in an obscure poem of medieval days. The common interpretation of Good Friday among all Christian peoples, is that it is a day of universal mourning in memory of the crucifixion of the Saviour. Churches are filled with silent worshippers and are decked with trappings of deepest woe. In the Roman Catholic Church even the voice of the organ is still on that day. It is a day of universal lamentation. But Wagner's idea of Good Friday is very different. With

him the day, instead of being one of woe, is one of a calm, peaceful and thankful joy; a joy that springs from the knowledge of the promise of redemption made by Christ on the cross. According to Wagner, nature is never so bright and smiling as it is on Good Friday. It is the beginning of spring, the birds are singing their liveliest, the meadows are flecked with bright spring flowers, and the trees are brilliant in their new suits of green. Wagner calls it *The Good Friday Spell*. When *Parsifal* comes on the stage in the third act, he asks the aged *Gurnemanz*, "What is the meaning?" and to the accompaniment of some of the most beautiful music that was ever written, *Gurnemanz* tells him that on Good Friday the tears of repentant sinners moisten the earth and make all the flowers and the grass and leaves spring up. This is a new version of a very ancient legend, which was popular in the early Christian times in Italy and Spain, when Good Friday invariably came at the beginning of spring, when it was regarded as the promise of summer, and Wagner has made an effective use of it in his music-drama.

A profitable and enjoyable evening was passed at the recital on Friday of Miss Alice Roger of the Peterborough Conservatory staff. The event took place in the King Edward Banquet-Room, and attracted a large audience. Miss Roger, who has been a pupil of Mr. Harry Field both in Toronto and Leipzig, is an accomplished and brilliant pianist, who should rate high in the young Canadian school. Her selections, which afforded a test of her versatility, technique and musical appreciation, included numbers by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Arensky and Chaminate. Finish of execution and musically clarity of interpretation were shown in the Rondo in G of Beethoven, and the Tchaikovsky *Humoresque* and Chaminate *Prelude*, her most successful offerings. The as-singing artists were Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, violinist, and Mr. Harry Jarvis, tenor, both of whom acquitted themselves in their best style.

Mr. William G. Armstrong, baritone, and teacher, justified the statement of the New York press in his dramatic rendering of *The Palms* last Sunday morning in the Church of the Redeemer. He was most ably accompanied by Mr. Ingham, the organist.

There is an article in the April number of the *Etude* by Edward Baxter Perry on the harm done to the cause of music by the musical critics. America, as is well known, is visited by the world's greatest artists, yet Mr. Perry remarks, "every city, large and small, throughout the land, has its band of self-appointed critics, professional and otherwise, who wage incessant and merciless war against the artist in each and every line. It is a war to the death, and a cruelly unfair and one-sided war, in which the poisoned shafts are all delivered by the critics, tipped with the deadliest of venomous modern destructives, printers' ink, their senders safely entrenched behind the unanswerable authority of the press." "Most of these critics," Mr. Perry continues, "even when equipped with the requisite intelligence and technical terminology for the task, write with apparently but two objects in view—one, to show how much greater knowledge and finer taste they possess than even the greatest artists, as proven by their inability to find pleasure in or approbation of the very best performances; the other, to win for themselves a reputation for wielding a trenchant pen. As for the first, it goes without saying that any first-class artist could teach them more in a single programme than they ever knew, if they would but learn instead of searching for faults to carp at; if their art-interest were not eclipsed by their monumental self-conceit. As for the second, what are their reputations worth in comparison to that of the artist, from the standpoint of the public? Which is most important to the world's culture, true art work or raucy criticism, great music or epigrammatic abuse of it? Is the artist or the critic most needed and useful in the community?"

In his *Travels in Germany in 1820-1822*, J. Russell gives this interesting sketch of Beethoven at the piano: "At first he only struck a few short, detached chords, as if he were afraid of being caught doing something foolish; but soon forgot his surroundings, and for about half an hour lost himself in an improvisation, the style of which was exceedingly varied, and especially distinguished by sudden transitions." The amateurs were transported, and to the uninitiated it was interesting to observe how his inspirations were reflected in his countenance. He revelled rather in bold, stormy moods than in soft and gentle ones. The muscles of his face swelled, his veins were distended, his eyes swelled, his mouth trembled convulsively, and he had the appearance of an enchanter mastered by the spirit he had himself conjured."

Studying music in Berlin doubtless has its advantages. But there are also drawbacks, as H. Neville-Smith notes in the *Etude*: "Among the disadvantages, one of the greatest seems to be the want of progression among so many of the pedagogues, and Germany being an old musical country, there is an overuse of tradition (not felt in newer countries), and the student with originality is often in great danger of losing this

kinson to resume his old position. That he accepted the invitation is a matter upon which the congregation may be congratulated. Mr. Atkinson, besides his work at Wesley, is a piano-teacher of great talent, and his pupils have already had considerable success. In view of the excellent standing which he has among the musicians of the city, the following letter must be taken as a high compliment to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming. He says: "It affords me a great deal of pleasure to add my word of appreciation of your Gourlay pianos. Having had two of them in use for nearly two years, I have had abundant opportunity of proving their many excellent qualities. Without attempting to enumerate these in detail, I would simply say that in your piano I feel that you have been particularly happy in combining those mechanical and artistic qualities which go to make up the ideal instrument. I wish you every possible success."

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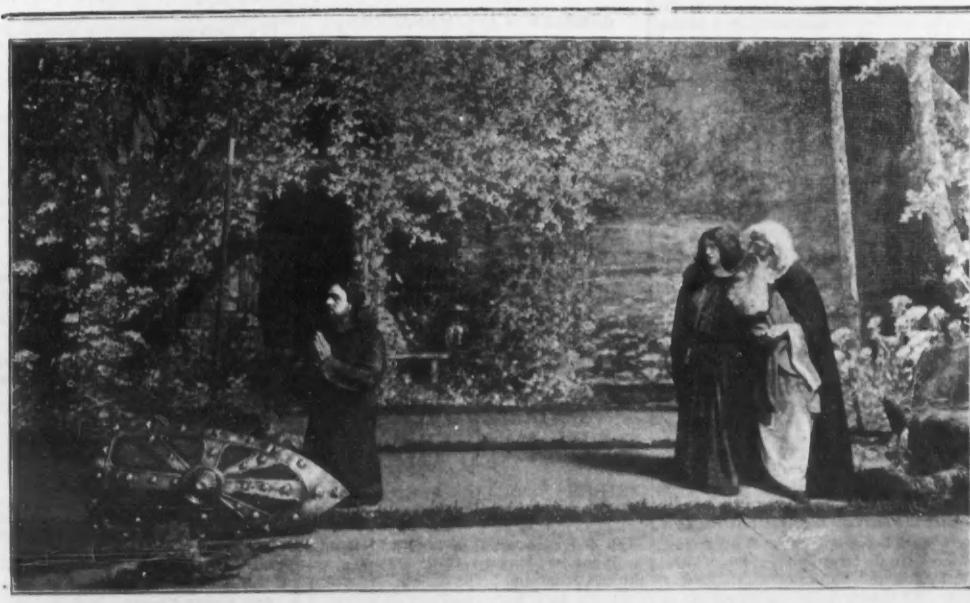
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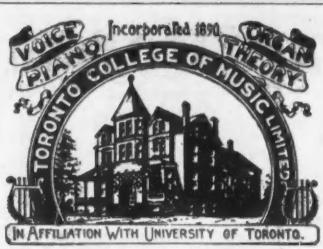
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Summer Neckwear for Men.

THE growing taste for many sports, already spoken of, will be more emphasized in the kind of clothes worn this spring and summer than ever before, and is an effectual barrier against "dandism" in every form. I do not recall a time when clothes and furnishings smacked so strongly of the country as to-day. While this tendency is most marked in lounge and business clothes, it is not at all lacking in more formal dress, where fullness of cut and amplitude of material give play to the muscles of the body and in no way hinder or bind.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND.—Following along the same line, the summer shapes in neckwear will be full and large; the four-in-hand, the most favored shape, will be worn in the $2 \frac{1}{2} \times 2 \frac{1}{2}$ width. I have seen these four-in-hands made in most suitable for summer wear. I also



Hand-printed Foulard Four-in-Hand, shown by ELY'S, King Edward Hotel.

wear. Some of splendid quality English grenadines, look very stunning and appropriate, while others, of fine quality, hand-printed foulard, in old madder colorings, were both good-looking and most suitable for summer wear. I also saw some wash four-in-hands in white that appealed to me. These will look very well with blue serge and flannel suits, which are always in vogue in the summer months.

THE BOW.—While the four-in-hand will undoubtedly be the shape for general purposes, when the vest is not worn—or for tennis, yachting and sum-



New Batwing Tie, shown by ELY'S, King Edward Hotel.

mer sports—the bow is more suitable and will be worn to an extent by those who are careful to make distinctions. The best shape will be a bow of the batwing order, with ends about two inches wide, tied into a full knot with the center not too tightly drawn.

STOCKS.—Stocks for the ordinary field sports have passed quite out of vogue. There is to-day no distinctively outing scarf, for the simple reason that "elegance" on the field has fallen into disfavor and a man should dress for the task in hand, be it to paddle a canoe, or swing a racquet, and not for show. In summer the cravat is now



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generally dispensed with on the links, the shirt being left loose with a soft collar attached, and perhaps the addition of a bright silk handkerchief about the neck. This allows more freedom in moving about and playing, besides being cool and comfortable. The stock is worn properly only when associated with the horse; while riding it is soft and comfortable about the throat, forms a protection in the cooler weather from

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KERR—Toronto, April 10, Mrs. Thomas Kerr, a daughter.

O'BRIEN—Wychwood Park, April 16, Mrs. B. J. O'Brien, a son.

SMITH—Woodstock, April 18, Mrs. T. Drew Smith, a son.

WOODS—Toronto, April 17, Mrs. Frederick Woods, a son.

Marriages

ALEXANDER—O'REILLY—Hamilton, April 18, Ethel Dundas O'Reilly to Philip Henry Alexander.

ELDER—EVANS—Toronto, April 15, Florence Evans to John J. Elder.

GILMOUR—MCDONOUGH—London, April 15, Amy Dalton McDonough to John Wardrop Gilmour.

GOODMAN—KING—Toronto, April 17, Hermenia G. King to William Goodman.

MILLER—IRWIN—Picton, April 12, Susie Irwin to R. T. Miller.

MARTIN—TRIPP—New York, April 12, Ella Anderson Tripp to Urban Francis Martin, M.D.

Deaths

ARMSTRONG—Toronto, April 15, Thomas Armstrong of H.M.C., aged 90 years.

BELLEVILLE—Belleville, April 18, Carrie L. Bell Giles, aged 16 years.

MEAD—Toronto, April 18, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Hooper Mead.

MEDCALF—Toronto, April 15, Mary Harrison Medcalf, aged 94 years.

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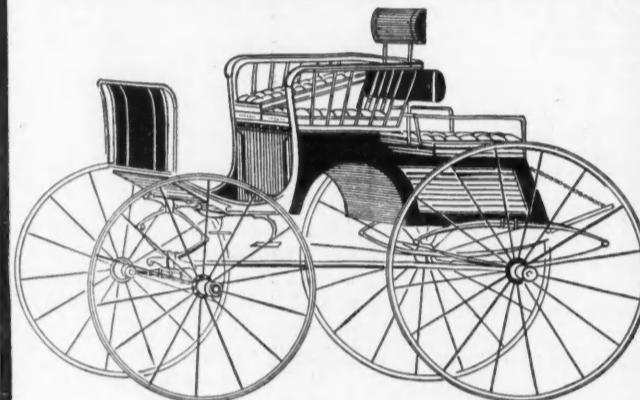
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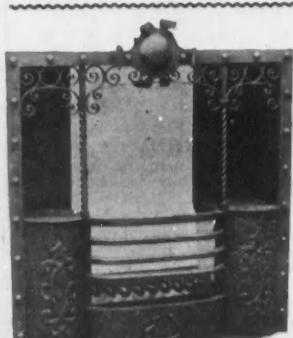
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in the *Squatman*, at the Princess Theater, April 27, 28, 29.

Society at the Capital

SEVERAL visitors of note from the Motherland have been enjoying the hospitality of Government House during the week, but unfortunately in each case their visits were extremely brief. Mr and Mrs. Hibbert Holland were English guests of His Excellency and Lady Grey for a few days during the earlier part of the week and left again on Wednesday. Major-General and Mrs. Benson were the next to come, enjoying a couple of days in the Capital, during which they were much feted by several popular hosts and hostesses. Among the many entertainments which were given for them was a gentlemen's luncheon at the Rideau Club on Wednesday for the General, at which Sir Frederick Borden was the host, covers being laid for thirty-six guests, and a dinner-party at which Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams entertained on Thursday, the other guests being: General and Mrs. Lake, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Colonel and Mrs. Cotton, Hon. L. P. and Madame Brodeur and Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross. General and Mrs. Benson left on Friday for Montreal. Mr. Rider Haggard, with his daughter, Miss Angela Haggard, and General Booth-Tucker, arrived on Thursday, leaving again the following day, and on Saturday Dr. William Osler of Baltimore, whose name of late has become a household word, spent a few hours only as the guest of His Excellency at Rideau Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Reford of Montreal and Colonel Brydges completed the list of visitors who were honored by being invited to remain at the gubernatorial residence while in the Capital.

On Wednesday evening a dinner at Government House was more than usually enjoyable owing to the fact that the well-known pianist, Mr. Emiliano Renaud of Montreal, played some charming piano solos after dinner, and young Master Desrosiers also had the honor of being specially invited to sing for the entertainment of the guests, who included: Lord and Lady Aylmer, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding and Miss Fielding, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. M. and Madame Dandurand, Hon. C. S. and Mrs. Hyman, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, Hon. George and Mrs. Foster, Lady and Miss Ritchie, Sir James and Lady Grant, General and Mrs. Lake, Mr. R. L. and Mrs. Borden, Hon. N. and Mrs. and Miss Kirchhoffer, Mr. Martin and Mrs. Griffin, Colonel S. and Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Perley, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Gilmour, Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mr. Count Vay de Vays.

Nearly all the festivities of the week just past were of a small and informal character, owing, no doubt, to the fact that many hostesses are resting on their oars and taking a breathing spell, so to speak, before entering into the more strenuous gaieties of Easteride, which season brings with it so many welcome visitors and homecomers in whose honor all are desirous of entertaining in the best fashion possible.

The first tea of the week was one on Monday, to which Miss Beatrice Ryley invited a number of her young friends to meet Miss McMurtry of Montreal. On Tuesday Mrs. George C. Wright was the hostess at an informal little tea for her sister, Miss Gladys Norton Evans of Montreal, and on Wednesday Mrs. Ahearn of Buena Vista entertained at the tea-hour in honor of her guest, Miss Denzil of Toronto, who was most becomingly gowned in black Chantilly lace over white silk, Mrs. Ahearn wearing a pretty costume of grey silk crépe. Miss Muriel Church, with Miss Lilia Ahearn and Mrs. Gordon Fleck did duty at the tea-table, which was daintily and artistically arranged with pink roses and candelabra with shades of the same delicate hue. Miss Denzil was also the guest of the hour at a luncheon given by the same energetic hostess on Friday, when covers were laid for ten, and the floral decorations were carried out entirely in yellow, tulips and daffodils abounding everywhere. Each guest was made the recipient of a boutonniere of daffodils and also a pretty souvenir consisting of a little Egyptian brass vase. The guests on the

occasion were: Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. S. H. P. Graves, Mrs. Arthur McConnell, Mrs. Edward Skead, Mrs. W. Y. Soper, Mrs. Charles Keeler and Mrs. Ryley.

The Misses Ryerson of Toronto, who are leaving for their home to-day, were entertained by their aunt, Madame Girouard, on Thursday afternoon, when all the bright young society girls of the Capital were invited to bid farewell to these popular visitors, who were also entertained by the Misses Clemow at a five o'clocker on Friday, when Miss Nannie Girouard and Miss Isobel Ryerson both sang most sweetly.

The two largest teas of the week came off on Friday and Saturday, when Mrs. Clifford Sifton invited many sessional visitors as well as Ottawans to meet Mrs. Burrows of Brandon, who on both occasions received with her hostess. On Friday Mrs. Sifton wore a handsome gown of pale blue cotonne trimmed elaborately with cream lace, and Mrs. Burrows' gown was of champagne colored silk made in 1830 style, with touches of brown *panne* velvet. Pink tulips, hyacinths and maidenhair fern combined in making an exceedingly attractive tea-table, which was presided over by Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Edith Sparks, Miss Lily Fraser and Miss Molly Cartwright. On Saturday evening Mrs. Sifton added a card-party and dance to her other functions as an entertainment for the younger members of the gay world, which came as a welcome change after a long period of abstinence from the gayer festivities.

Mrs. Weatherbie, who has been paying her son, Colonel Paul Weatherbie, a few weeks' visit, and who has been the honored guest of many a pleasant little gathering while in town, left on Saturday for her home in Halifax. On Wednesday Lady Borden gave a delightfully arranged little luncheon in her honor, when those invited were: Mrs. Paul Weatherbie, Mrs. George E. Foster, Madame Bergeron, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Bole, Mrs. Black, Mrs. T. Ahearn and Mrs. Lamont. Mrs. Paul Weatherbie also gave a small teat for her mother-in-law. Mrs. Victor Sinclair was another hostess who also made this popular Haligonian the *raison d'être* of a small At Home on Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy and Mr. Victor Sinclair added considerably to the enjoyment of the hour by rendering some very charming vocal selections.

Ottawans in general are glad to hear of the improved health of Miss Ethel Hamilton, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa, who is so very much better that it is hoped the coming autumn will see her so far restored to complete health as to be enabled to return to Canada. Mrs. Hamilton, who has been spending the winter in Colorado with her daughter, is now in Rossland with her son, and is expected in Ottawa in May.

Mrs. Arthur Hodges and family, who have spent the winter in Ottawa, left on Saturday to join Mr. Hodges at Rat Portage, or, more properly speaking, "Keenora," where they will make their home for the time being.

THE CHAPERONE.

A Unique Photo Gallery.

Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, long familiar with the name and work of Mr. Herbert Simpson—whose photographic establishment in College street was burned out some months ago—will be pleased to learn that he has taken charge of the photographic department at Eaton's, and has fitted up, on the fourth floor of that company's premises, one of the most complete and up-to-date photographic galleries on the continent. As was to be expected of an artist of Mr. Simpson's reputation and experience, the work now being done in Eaton's photographic department is the equal of anything produced in Canada. The discriminating people of Toronto's "four hundred," who formerly patronized Mr. Simpson largely, have been quick to show their appreciation of the enterprise exhibited by the T. Eaton Company in acquiring his valuable services, and are already visiting Eaton's in large numbers to place orders for the artistic photos in various styles which Mr. Simpson is executing.

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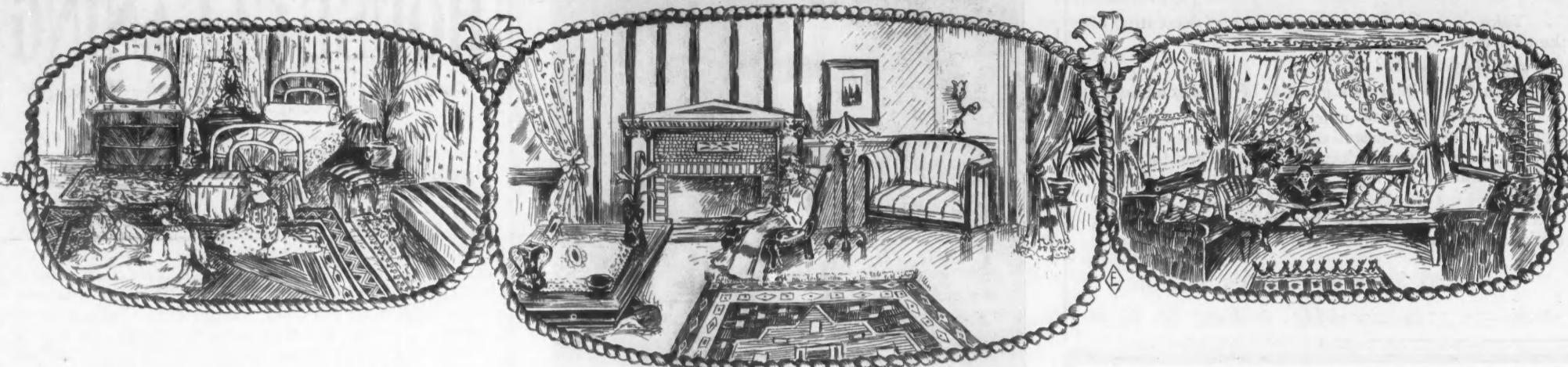
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BE sure your foundation is sound and then go ahead" is as good a rule to follow in homebuilding as in housebuilding. The foundation of a perfectly furnished home is furniture. Good, solid, well-made, handsomely finished furniture. It's not too much to expect a life's service from such furniture as we talk of, the magnificent exhibit that graces our fourth floor. Whether it be a dainty, almost fragile looking piece in the style of Louis XV., in its gilded beauty; a handsome piece of Sheraton furniture, with its artistic inlaid lines or a massive piece, of the Mission type, it is all characterized by a solidity that is the foundation of quality. As fashioned by the skill of master craftsmen, after the designs of the most noted style authors in furniture, every piece is a perfect specimen of cabinet-making. Variety is so great that the modest little cottage has been the subject of as much consideration at our hands as the handsome brown stone front on Fashion's Row, and nowhere can a grander collection of all that is new, stylish, artistic and beautiful be seen than at **EATON'S**.

Quaint Furniture

A special feature on our Furniture floor is the display of Quaint Furniture. The good old-fashioned kind, yet decidedly up-to-date now and stylish. Its very look suggests comfort. It's good and roomy, cheerful and homelike, yet artistic in effect. No carvings or scroll-work to break or catch dust, and no varnish to scratch, as it is finished in wax; it is easily repaired. It's almost primeval in its simplicity and solidity, and is an extreme protest against flimsily-constructed furniture. It is peculiarly adapted for halls, dens, libraries, dining-rooms, writing-rooms, billiard-rooms, clubs, etc.

Furniture for the Library.

The Library should, above all things, be comfortable. A room for physical rest, relaxation and mental recreation. No furniture can surpass the quaint Arts and Crafts furniture for the library. It is fashioned on those simple, old-fashioned lines of our forefathers, when comfort and solidity rather than style and finish were the chief considerations in furniture. But modern cabinet-making has seen that the style and finish of this furniture has been well looked after, making it the ideal furniture for the library.

Writing Tables and Secretaries, \$13.00 to \$37.00.
Arm Chairs and Desk Chairs, \$4.75 to \$20.00.
Reclining Chairs, \$20.00 to \$50.00.
Book Cases and Magazine Stands, \$5.00 to \$57.00.
Leather Top Tables, \$8.75 to \$45.00.
Cellarettes, \$8.50 to \$20.00.

Furnishing the Parlor

Undoubtedly to furnish a parlor well demands taste—artistic taste. If you are gifted with a sense of the artistic and the aesthetic, so much the better; you will appreciate the magnificence of our display of Parlor and Upholstered Furniture the more. But if not, no matter, you can take our word for it that there is no more artistic furniture fashioned than that sold at **EATON'S**. We have experts who are at your service to suggest or execute the most artistic combinations in home-furnishing. You can have the upholstering specially done in our work-rooms to fit in with the effect, if desired.

Parlor Suites, 3 pieces, \$19.00 to \$305.
Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, \$21 to \$145.
Reception, Arm, and Rocking Chairs, \$5 to \$63.
Wire-Back Arm Chairs, \$16 to \$30.
Lounges, \$5.25 to \$47.
Gold Cabinets, \$50 to \$160.
Parlor Cabinets, \$7.50 to \$42.
Bed Lounges, \$9.00 to \$15.
Morris Chairs, \$6.90 to \$26.

Furnishing the Dining-room.

It has been said that more attention should be paid to furnishing the dining-room than any other room in the home. True—it's the meeting-room of the family. Yet the reverse is usually the case. The enormous assortment we possess in this class of furniture includes dining-room furniture in all the leading woods from elm to mahogany, in every finish, and in all the latest and handsomest designs.

Oak and Mahogany Sideboards, \$18.50 to \$155.00.
Oak and Mahogany Buffets, \$19.50 to \$20.00.
Oak and Mahogany Dinner Wagons, \$17.50 to \$42.00.
Oak and Mahogany Extension Tables, \$13.90 to \$90.00.
Oak and Mahogany Dining-room Chairs, sets, \$13.75 to \$90.00.

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First impressions are lasting, and the hall, which should be the index to the home, is often the most cheerless room in the house—a state of affairs that should not be. Our assortment of hall furniture is so large as to include every variety of wood and finish, and a cheerful, well-furnished hall can be secured at a comparatively small expense, while the most luxurious magnificence can be attained in hall-furnishing if desire prompts.

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Hall Seats, \$5.75 to \$35.00.
Hall Racks, \$6.00 to \$125.00.
Umbrella Stands, \$2.25 to \$15.00.

Our Magnificent Display of High Art Curtains

WE are particularly proud of our lace and net curtains this Spring. The servicable Nottinghams, the dainty Swiss, the gauzy Brussels, etc. No handsomer display of all that is artistic and aesthetic in the lace workers' art can be met with anywhere, and nowhere will you be able to find curtains as moderate in price as those at **EATON'S**.

But undeniably beautiful as these curtains are, they pale when compared with the magnificence of our high art curtains. Perfect poems of art and beauty are they, and by comparison as a painting by a master likens to an effort of an artist of less pretentious attainments.

There are the Handsome Saxony Brussels, beautifully worked in Hand Tambour Embroidery; the brilliant Point Venise Curtains, and in addition to a design of unusual beauty is a charming two-tone color effect in cream and white. Then there are charming Marie Antoinette Curtains in handsome heavy ribbon applique effect. Another Curtain of unusual beauty is an Italian Renaissance, distinguished by design worked over net in broad ivory ribbon. Still another Curtain is distinguished by a handsome reproduction of heraldic designs, taken from mediæval linens. The handsome Connemara Laces are extremely luxurious in their rugged beauty. This is a Curtain entirely made of linen, and exhibits the masterly skill of the Irish peasants who make them. This is at once one of the handsomest and most durable Curtains made.

There are many others equally worthy of mention, but space forbids. Our salespeople will gladly display and explain their beauties to you. Come.

A class of goods of great importance in Window Decoration is the Sash Net, the million windows so much in vogue making this narrow-width goods necessary. The machine-embroidered Schiffa is a great favorite, being so light and dainty. The Irish Point and Real Brussels is more heavily embroidered, with bold, handsome designs; can be had in white and cream, 30 and 50 inches wide; price, per yard, 65c, 1.25 85c, to

The above, with frilled edges, are a little more expensive, but are correspondingly more lovely; to be seen to be fully appreciated; 30 and 50 inches wide; 1.50 per yard, 75c to

Less expensive goods are frequently required for Sash Curtains in bedrooms. The beautiful White Muslins in stripe and floral designs, spots, and other effects, some plain edges, others frilled one, and both sides, supply this want; width 48 and 54 inches; per yard, 20c, 25c, 35c.

Saxony Brussels Curtains are the finest and lightest curtains to be procured. The designs, worked in dainty hand tambour embroidery, are usually scroll and flower effects. A curtain of great durability, suitable for the drawing room. Color, white only. Size, 50 and 60 in. x 3 1-2 and 4 yards; price, per pair, \$17.50 to 25.00

The above make of Curtain is also produced in more elaborate and costly manner, a double net being used in parts, forming a two-tone effect, which, together with the more elaborate drawing of the embroidery, makes a curtain worthy of note. In white only. Size 60 in. x 4 yards; price, per pair, \$35.00 to 50.00

Point Venise is allied to the above curtains in the manner of its decoration, but is heavier in texture, which admits of the tambour work being further enriched with heavy cream-color hand-embroidery. This is a curtain for both drawing and dining-rooms. Size 50 and 60 in. wide x 3 1-2 and 4 yards long; price, per pair, \$8.50 to 25.00

Marie Antoinette Curtains are usually made in white only, and of a double-thread net. The medallion, Empire, and other open-work designs are produced with a broad linen braid. Just what is wanted for rooms completely furnished in one style or period. Size 50 in. and 60 in. wide x 3 1-2 and 4 yards; price per pair, \$10.00 to 35.00

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Many of the handsomest designs in our stock are obtainable only here, while among the hand-tufted rugs are many made to our order from our own designs.

Those who desire EXCLUSIVENESS will find abundant reason for making their selections from this stock and everybody in any way interested in rugs will be delighted with every one.

You'll find us ready to spend hours in showing; so come desiring to see the entire aggregation. Monday is the opening day.

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9 ft. 0 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$30.00
10 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., at \$33.75 and \$51.00
10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$38.50 and \$60.00
10 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., at \$40.00

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Heavy Austrian Axminster Rugs (seamless). A wide selection of Oriental, conventional and floral designs in beautiful soft blending of colors. Exceptional value.

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9 ft. 0 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$24.00
11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$30.00
11 ft. 3 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., at \$35.75

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9 ft. 0 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$11.00
10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$13.50
10 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., at \$14.75
12 ft. 0 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., at \$14.75
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